A MARTYR OF OUR OWN DAY

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A MARTYR OF OUR OWN DAY

J. M. de Bretenières
Miss. ap. in Corea

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A MARTYR OF OUR OWN DAY

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

Martyred in Corea, March 8, 1866

Adapted from the French by
REV. JOHN J. DUNN

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH
Archdiocese of New York
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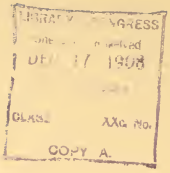

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FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE biographical sketch presented in this volume is a work of piety in a double sense of the term—piety toward God, which finds food and nourishment in the example of a holy life and a heroic death, and the piety of affectionate remembrance, which induced us to accept the task we were offered more than ten years ago by the venerable parents of the young martyr whose brief history we have here outlined.

Repeatedly interrupted by other labors, and oftentimes only able to resume the work after long intervals, we were not able to complete it before the death of M. and Mme. de Bretenières. While deeply regretting that we could not give to their tender love the supreme consolation, and to their generous sacrifice the deserved recompense of making them witnesses of the honors accorded the memory of their holy child, we have felt, nevertheless, more at our ease in revealing the fact that the son's virtue was a precious heritage from his parents. It would have been difficult to write more than one page of this little book under the eyes of those whom we necessarily have had to praise.

Comprised within the space of twenty-eight years, twenty-six of which were spent with his own family

and in the novitiate of the Missions, the life of Just de Bretenières offers nothing to attract the attention of man except the glorious sacrifice through which he entered into his reward. All the beauty of his life is from within; and even at the risk of misrepresenting the ideal, we are compelled to give our little book the character of asceticism. For the history of the saints is the history of asceticism, and without departing from the rules imposed upon biographers by the wisdom of the Church, without forgetting that it belongs to the Holy See alone to decide the titles and the honors accorded her saintly children, we think we are safe in asserting that Just de Bretenières fully deserved this holy appellation. We realize, therefore, that only those who are interested in the work of grace in a soul, and the progress the soul makes in being faithful to that grace, will find pleasure in these pages.

As the last months of the young martyr's life were spent in the mission of Corea, and as his holy death and that of his companions was the initial catastrophe in a long series of persecutions and trials for the Church in that country we have believed it to be our duty to give an unabridged account of those circumstances and events which, in a measure, were naturally connected with his history. All these events have been recounted elsewhere, and in a more detailed form. The historian of the Church in Corea, the biographers of Mgr. Berneux, of Mgr. Daveluy, of

Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie—Just's companions in martyrdom—have already given such information to the public. But a biography should be sufficient in itself and because of this it is not to be supposed that the reader of this book should have before him works relating to the same subject. Necessity, then, has led us toward the end of this volume, into some historical digressions—a fault against art, perhaps, but pardonable because of our desire to inform our readers on points intimately connected with the story of the life we are narrating.

To the spiritual children of the martyrs in that far-away land beyond the seas the pages of this little book, if ever they read them, will serve as a course of instruction in the school of one of their own apostles. And in our dear country more than one heart, we dare hope, will be thrilled at this record of tranquil heroism, which had its origin in a truly Christian education, and was developed in the exercise of the most humble and most solid virtues.

ADAPTER'S PREFACE.

It is inspiring in these days of luxury and soft living to recall that there are men and women of our own times who are drawn to the Sacred Heart and His interests by the longing, "to fill up those things which are wanting of the sufferings of Christ" in the flesh.

The long line of Bishops, priests, and laity in the early ages of the Church, who laid down their lives bears ample testimony to their love of sacrifice for the Divine Model, the King of Martyrs.

Their great happiness was to live for Him, but the crown of all their desires was to die for Him. This is the story of every age and every land to be found in the chronicles of the Church.

In the rush and hurry of our workaday existence we are perhaps inclined to lose sight of the fact that the martyr's spirit still lives. There are to-day men and women, consumed with a love of souls, who are burying themselves in savage lands, stricken with disease, beaten, stoned, and imprisoned by those whom they are yearning to help. Priests and Sisters who are living amid the most revolting conditions, pouring out their lives in hunger and thirst, in weariness and suffering, and in a loneliness that cuts deepest of all.

Death is most welcome to them, not because it is an end to their sufferings, but because through the sublime sacrifice others may live. "He who loves not, lives not; and he who lives by the Life can not die."

Our young martyr is only one of that glorious host of God, who, during the past fifty years, bore witness to the truth of Jesus Christ with their blood. May the history of this beautiful soul, who in a short time accomplished much, inspire us with the spirit of sacrifice, and quicken our zeal for the salvation of all who now sit in darkness and the shadow of eternal death.

JOHN J. DUNN.

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION
March 25, 1907

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"Perfection is like a very high mountain. It costs much time and labor to reach the top; but we need never be discouraged—we can always get there if we wish."

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JUST DE BRETENIÈRES.—HOME EDUCATION.—TRAVELS.—DECIDES HIS VOCATION.—PREPARES TO ENTER THE SEMINARY AT ISSY (1838-1859).

THE Church calls the day of the death of her saints their birthday, and her martyrology is a perpetual defiance to death. "In such a place," she says, "such a saint was born." Adopting, therefore, the heroic language of the sacred liturgy, we state that the birthday of Just de Bretenières was March 8, 1866; for it was on this day, having joyfully laid down his life for the Lord, that he received in exchange an imperishable crown of glory. Nor is this beatitude merely a hope—it is a certainty, for the Church does not permit us to pray for her martyrs.

If we simply desired to honor him whom God has honored, we would limit ourselves to a narration of the circumstances of this second birth, but we seek, more especially, the instruction of those who read these pages, and we feel assured that they will find much that is edifying in the history of this life, whose natural crown was martyrdom. It is indeed a touching story, which discloses a multitude of divine graces and the progress in the way of perfection of one who was

faithful to them. To make this biography interesting there is no need of giving all the circumstances in detail; under the calm exterior of a life passed amid ordinary conditions, the soul has its struggles and trials, visible only to the eye of God. But when the hour of triumph has sounded for the soldier of Christ, those who are still battling on the same field have a right to ask the happy conqueror for the secret of his victory. In this spirit we enter upon the account of our martyr's life.

Simon Marie Antoine Just Ranfer de Bretenières was born at Châlon on the Saône, February 28, 1838, in a mansion situated in the Rue St. George, which at that time belonged to Mme. de Bretenières' father, the Baron de Montcoy, but which has since become the office of the sub-prefecture.

Providence seems to have surrounded the cradle of this child with every wholesome influence. His maternal grandfather was distinguished for his valor in the defense of Lyons against the Revolutionary armies in 1793; his paternal grandfather, M. Ranfer de Montceau, Baron de Bretenières, had also experienced the hardships of the Revolution, but in another way. Emigrating to Switzerland, he remained there only a short time, his taste for the fine arts soon attracting him to Italy, where he made a living by the exercise of his talents. On his return to France, he applied himself to the study and practice of law, and the Govern-

ment of the Restoration discerning his ability, and wishing to reward his fidelity, appointed him first president of the Court of Appeals at Dijon, his native place.

His son, Baron Edmond de Bretenières, inherited his father's tastes for the fine arts. After a brilliant course in the classics and law, he followed the path marked out for him by his father, devoting to travel and to painting the first years of his youth; he returned to Dijon to take up the practice of law, a career soon interrupted by the Revolution of 1830. A short time before the latter event he married Mlle. Anne Marie Lantin de Montcoy. The first child born of this union died soon after its baptism, and its pious parents waited nearly seven years for a new pledge of the divine favor. At last, in the month of February, 1838, after they had been married eight years and a half, during a stay at the house of M. de Montcoy, the birth of a son saw their ardent wishes realized, and changed their prayers into thanksgivings. The infant was baptized on the day of its birth in the church of St. Peter at Châlon by the cure of that parish, the Rev. Vivant Compain, its grandfather, M. de Bretenières, and its maternal grandmother, Mme. de Montcoy, acting as sponsors.

We shall not yield to the temptation which leads some biographers to discern much that is marvelous in the life they attempt to portray. We have no hesitation in acknowledging that Just's childhood and youth were

spent amid ordinary conditions, if we may thus describe the austere simplicity of a family wholly directed by Christian principles. Those blessed, holy homes where love alone tempers the severity of duty; where the parents withdraw in a measure from the world, the better to devote themselves to their children's education; where everything is regulated solely with a view to this work; where religion enlightens the conscience and conscience reigns supreme: such homes were numerous among the nobility and the higher class of citizens of France both before and for some time after the French Revolution.

The father, having retired from public life, devoted his time to the management of his private affairs, and the winters were passed partly at the home of M. de Montcoy in Châlon and partly in Dijon, in an old mansion situated on the Rue Vannerie—a handsome, secluded dwelling, a solitude in the center of the city. The Chateau de Bretenières, some leagues from Dijon, was the summer residence. In these two places the family life, filled always with the same round of duties, was uneventfully passed.

We are not of the number of those who compare the moral life to the solution of an equation. We do not believe that a mere statement of terms gives one the possession of that secret which can be solved only by free will. Many there are who have found in their own family both example and protection similar to

that which surrounded Just de Bretenières during his young days, and yet have squandered that inheritance of honor and virtue! This being a mystery of the moral law, it is still the duty of those having charge of souls to provide them with every protection against evil and every incentive to good. Such advantages were not wanting to our future martyr. In the home life which we have just described, his strong, healthy nature, anticipating the workings of grace, readily developed.

In the month of April, 1840, a little more than two years after Just's birth, God gave his parents another son whom they named Christian. A second blessing, who proved to be that, indeed, to the elder, for with the companionship of a brother so near his own age, closely pursuing the same studies and participating in the same sports, Just had no need to seek outside the family either for an incentive to study or for the distractions and recreations necessary to youth.

Many incidents are related of the boy's thoughtfulness and goodness even at an early age, but we give only one very remarkable occurrence, on the supernatural character of which we do not intend to dwell, although it seems difficult not to recognize in it the hand of God. It took place in 1844, when Just was six years old and his brother four. The two children, under the care of a governess, were playing together in the garden at Bretenières, when suddenly Just

stopped. "Be quiet," he said to his little brother, intently looking into the hole he had just dug. "I see the Chinese! I see the Chinese!" he exclaimed then. "Come, let us dig deeper, and we shall soon reach them."

Christian, peering into the hole, declared that he saw nothing, but Just insisted, and, while digging vigorously, described the appearance of the Chinese and their costumes. Bending over the hole again, he declared that he could even hear their voices. Christian, filled with astonishment, made no reply, and the two children soon resumed their game.

But this extraordinary event did not pass from their memory, although never again was it spoken of between them. Twenty years afterward, however, Just told the story to one of his fellow-students in the Seminary of the Missions. One day, when they had gone to the institution of St. Nicholas at Issy, to visit a child whom he had placed there, the latter questioned his little protégé concerning his tastes and his future desires. The child replied that he wished to be a missionary, and as his companion seemed much surprised at the earnestness with which the little ten-year-old spoke, Just said, "I am not at all astonished; my own vocation dates back even to more tender years than his. Long before I was his age I knew that I was to be a missionary."

Thereupon he narrated in detail the scene in the

garden. Afterwards, on the eve of his departure for Corea, he again related this curious incident to another student at the Seminary of the Missions, Father Wallays, Superior of the College of Penang. In a conversation full of tender feeling, in which he talked over the different incidents of his life, he repeated this singular occurrence, the living memory of which not even twenty years of silence had dimmed.

His brother retained a no less vivid impression of it, and our account is taken from his words. We find some additional particulars in a letter written after Just's death by one of his cousins, who gives further details. According to her, as Just insisted that he saw and heard the Chinese, and his brother neither saw nor heard anything, they called their mother, but she likewise was puzzled at her boy's strange words. Just then said to them both, in a tone of great earnestness: "You can not hear them, but I do, very distinctly. There they are, mamma, far, very far off, at the bottom of this hole, on the other side. They are calling me, and I must go to save them."

We note another indication of his early vocation in a remark which he, not more than six or seven years old at the time, made to his brother. The two were talking together at the Chateau de Bretenières, to which place they were both much attached. "When you own this property," said the younger brother, "will I have to leave it?" "Oh, no!" replied Just. "It

will never belong to me, for I am going to be a priest. It will be yours."

These are the only striking incidents of his childhood which seemed to indicate his future career and predestination for the priestly state. Yet all who knew him united in declaring that even before his First Communion he was remarked for his virtues—an angelic purity, the spirit of piety, an obedience founded upon love for God. Of a reflective turn of mind, he understood and appreciated the value of the education given him by his parents. A person who instructed Just in music when he was in his eleventh or twelfth year, quotes the following remark which the child at that time made to him: "What is often the result of education not conducted like ours? Idleness, a life content with trifles."

As a child, then, his virtue consisted in the faithful performance before God of his allotted duties—a sure foundation, the best foundation—without which virtue is rarely found in childhood. Yet grace already drew this chosen soul to higher things, murmuring the sweet invitation, "Beloved one, come higher." The pious mother was accustomed to give her sons spiritual readings, which she took great pains to explain to them. One day, forgetting their tender years, she spoke to them of perfection. Some time afterward she overheard the following dialogue:

"Tell me, Just," asked Christian, "what is perfec-

tion? I did not altogether understand mamma's meaning when she was speaking to us about it the other day."

"Perfection, I think," replied Just, "is like a very high mountain. It costs much time and labor to reach the top; but we need never be discouraged—we can always get there if we wish."

The intellectual, like the religious, education of the two brothers began at an early age. A foreign governess taught them to speak and write German as fluently as they did French, both of which they were studying at the same time. Foreseeing that later on other studies would interfere with a thorough knowledge of German, M. de Bretenières determined to profit by their youth in grounding them solidly in this language; and in the spring of 1845, when Just was not more than seven years old, the family went to reside for some months at Kissingen in Bavaria. Here a young priest of the diocese of Wurzburg was tutor to the children. The following year they made another stay at Kissingen, whence they went to Bamberg, where Just and his brother attended a public school. The Archbishop of Bamberg permitted a young priest lately ordained to accompany the family to France, who, ignorant of the French language, taught entirely in German. The religious instruction of his pupils seemed to be his especial care and pleasure, and Just, already deeply imbued with respect for the priesthood,

was delighted to have for his teacher a man so filled with the spirit of God. One day he asked his mother if all priests were not saints, and on her replying that being men they were fallible, a proof of which was to be found even in one of the apostles, Judas, who betrayed Our Lord, although all the other apostles were saints glorified by martyrdom, Just said, "Well, I believe M. W—— is a saint, for when he explains the catechism to us I see his face light up, and an aureole appears around his head, just like you see in the pictures of saints. Isn't it so, Christian?" The latter declaring that he had not noticed it, Just made no further remark.

A French tutor succeeded the German priest, and continued to teach the boys until they made their First Communion on September 12, 1850. Just, who had been kept back, waiting for his brother, was twelve and a half years old when the two, accompanied by their cousin, received Our Lord for the first time in the parish church of Montcoy. That same day, in the chapel of the chateau, they renewed their baptismal vows and consecrated themselves to the Blessed Virgin, each child laying at the feet of her statue a petition expressing his heart's dearest wishes. What was Just's petition? No one knows, for he did not say, and the three notes were burned without being read by any save the writers. But considering the holy desires that blossomed so early in this young soul, and finally

led him to martyrdom, we may readily believe that on this day the Blessed Virgin was made the confidante of his generous sacrifice of himself.

After their First Communion, a new course of study was taken up, but their tutor's health not permitting him to continue his work, the parents were called upon to decide a most important question—whether to go on with their children's education at home, a plan so suitable to their tender years, or have recourse to public education. They did not hesitate long. Wishing to keep pure and unsullied for God the treasures which He had given them, they secured another ecclesiastic to instruct their sons in the classics, reserving to themselves the lessons in German. As to their education properly so-called, they assumed its entire direction, for this purpose detaching themselves more than ever from all other cares, withdrawing as it were from the world, and transforming their house into a veritable college, or if you will, a sort of monastery. The employment of time was marked out, studies and classes succeeding one another in systematic order. The children's sports were natural and spontaneous, their dress simple and uniform. Their vacations, though bringing a cessation of study, made no change in their way of living. Always careful to protect his sons from whatever might awaken in them a taste for luxury and develop an unwholesome desire for pleasure, M. de Bretenières gave them but little chance to become ac-

quainted with the amusements and distractions of the world, and relied upon traveling to supply the necessary relaxation of mind and body. Even here we find evidence of the severe simplicity followed in their education. They made their journeys on foot, each carrying a sack on his back, the geologist's hammer in hand. The father and mother took part in these trips, which lasted one or two months. For nine years they spent their vacations in this manner, climbing the greater part of the mountains, and traversing nearly all the valleys, of Switzerland, Savoy, and the Vosges. Adventures were not wanting to the little party, and the fireside conversations on their return to France were frequently enlivened by such incidents. We here insert an account of the most remarkable of these, although it took place long after the epoch of which we are now writing, and when Just had passed a year at the Seminary of Issy. It is quoted from a letter which he wrote to his former tutor on September 28, 1860. The reader can not but observe in it that vein of frank gayety which was one of the charms of the young man's character.

"Without preamble," he writes, "I copy for you an extract from the Gazette of the Upper Rhine, a journal issued three times a week at Belfort, which you probably do not receive.

"'Day before yesterday, Saturday, September 22,

were arrested in the railway station of our town, while attempting to escape to Switzerland, the supposed perpetrators of the sacrilegious robbery committed last Thursday in the church of Fresse-en-Comté. They are even more strongly suspected of the murder which occurred some time ago on the road from Paris to Mulhouse. They are three in number. The one calling himself the father is of medium height, with white hair and beard, and is apparently about fifty-five years old. The second is tall and thin and has doubtless stolen his clothing to disguise himself, for his coat is short and apparently made for another. The third, who is supposed to be the youngest [Just, though the eldest, was often supposed to be younger than Christian], is in clerical dress, also a disguise as one could see at a glance, for his cassock is so long that he is obliged to hold it up to prevent its dragging on the ground. They had with them hammers and chisels, which served to strengthen the suspicion against them. They did not resist arrest, but feigned complete ignorance, asking repeatedly of what crime they were accused, and protesting that a great mistake had been made. They were taken through the town by five policemen, followed by a great crowd of people. On arriving at court they were searched and a dagger was found upon each one. After their examination the father asked permission to telegraph to the Mayor of Dijon, who knew him very intimately, he said, and

added that he and several of his relatives were formerly connected with the magistracy of the place.

"'As the warrant of arrest was issued at Lure, the case will be tried there. It was late in the evening, and the police were about to conduct them to prison, when the presiding judge, out of respect for the clerical dress of the youngest, decided to keep them in custody at one of the hotels. Two policemen kept constant watch over them during the night. The next day, Sunday, offering to pay their own expenses, they were permitted to go to Lure by train, accompanied by two officers. On their arrival they were immediately taken to court, but our correspondent has not yet informed us of the result of the trial, which we shall give later.'

"This may be dispensed with," adds Just, "when I tell you that the undersigned, who was one of the three prisoners, has been released."

All is true in the above account, except the statement that it was quoted from a newspaper. Just's next letter told the whole story. "I am sure," he writes, "that you must have laughed heartily over our mishap, as I intended you should. However, it is now high time to tell you that the Gazette of the Upper Rhine does not exist, and the article is my own."

Just afterwards acknowledged to one of his fellow-students at the Seminary of the Missions that in spite of the humorous side of the adventure, he had suffered

keenly to see the holy habit which he wore so dishonored, although at the same time he rejoiced at the humiliation which was put upon him.

But let us return to Just's boyhood and his vacation tours. These hardy walkers gathered more than pleasant souvenirs for memory's storehouse. Early instructed in the natural sciences, they took advantage of these excursions to add to their collection of rocks, minerals, fossils, insects, and birds, which collection was, during the year, the object of their untiring care.

Of the two brothers, Just seemed to take more pleasure in these instructive distractions from study, and his interest in his collections appeared deep and lasting; yet as was subsequently learned, he did this purely as a matter of conscience. Knowing his parents' wishes, he entered into their plans and sought to encourage in his brother a taste for those diversions which would help him later. One day when Just's vocation betokened his early departure from home, his tutor, seeing him apparently absorbed in his rocks and birds, said, in order to try him: "And what if you have to leave all this?" "Oh! that would not be hard to do," was the answer. "I occupy myself with them mostly because of my father and my brother. It interests them very much now; and it will be even more interesting to them when I am gone."

The vacation tours had another charm for Just, known only to himself: he found in them an occasion

of disciplining himself in advance for the rough life of a missionary. His vocation, which he still kept a secret, was ever before his mind. To brave cold and heat, fatigue and thirst, was for him an apprenticeship. He was never seen to sit down when they halted, to drink at fountains, to divest himself of any of his clothing in the scorching sun, or to protect himself against the cold.

Did he ever yield to the ordinary passions of youth? The testimony of his tutor, who was constantly with him for seven long years, gives us an idea of his virtue. He was of a nervous temperament and in his early childhood very sensitive to pain. "The least suffering overcame him," said his mother, "even the cold wind blowing upon him would make him cry." But from the age of twelve years he sought to harden himself, and from this time the spirit of mortification appeared in all the details of his life, his one thought always to be mindful of others, forgetful of self. The tutor here mentioned states that during the seven years Just was under his care he never knew the boy to be guilty of more than two or three mischievous acts, two or three manifestations of selfishness, of self-indulgence, or of ill-humor.

The following is a striking example of one of these. The children had learned a game of cards in which they took great pleasure. For several days they had amused themselves in this fashion after dinner, when one day

something happened and the pastime was postponed. Just complained of this, considering that the reason for such an action was not sufficient, and to punish him for his impatience, the boys were forbidden to play the game for some days. It was never resumed, but neither ever alluded to it again. That a trifling imperfection like this should appear worth mentioning certainly shows that this holy child had accustomed his parents and teachers to expect from him extraordinary self-control.

We hesitate to place among his faults the first and last falsehood which he ever uttered, for in this case he was the victim of another's mistake. This pure child was one day accused by a person who had charge of him of a very grave fault. Perfectly innocent, not even comprehending the nature of the accusation, his accuser judged otherwise, and insisted upon an open confession. To escape the severe punishment with which he was threatened, Just yielded. The additional injustice was inflicted upon him of exacting a promise that he would not mention the occurrence to his mother. Ten years afterwards, when at the Seminary of the Missions, Just still bewailed his weakness, and confided to his mother that he could not forgive himself, not alone for having lied, but for having concealed the matter from her. These evidences of virtue show us clearly that he possessed in a high degree those other traits of character which would have been commenda-

ble in an ordinary child, namely, his recollection in prayer, his love for the ceremonials of the Church, his pleasure in serving Mass, the tender filial devotion he had for the Blessed Mother. The one distinctive mark, however, of his piety was his zeal; not satisfied in loving God Himself he yearned to inspire others with that same love, and while yet a child his favorite pastime was preaching sermons to his brother on the goodness of God. The latter listened to them as a matter of course, but at a later day he recalled them with wonder and admiration, as he recognized how the grace of the apostolate filled this chosen soul even at such an early age.

As the sight of a holy, fervent priest thrilled Just's heart with joy, so was he equally saddened on meeting one careless and lukewarm. "Oh! how can this priest be so lacking in zeal!" he would exclaim in accents of the deepest sorrow.

Thus passed the years of his childhood and his youth. Having finished his studies, he expressed no preference for any profession, nor was the subject ever mentioned to him, for every one, his brother alone excepted, surmised what was passing in his soul. Toward the autumn of the year 1857, acting according to the advice of his director, he informed his parents of his long-cherished intention of quitting the world and of doing so immediately. M. and Mme. de Bretenières were not of the number of those Catholics who, though they love

the priesthood, shrink from the thought of giving their children to God in this holy state. One consideration alone urged them to withhold their consent, and impelled them to ask Just to delay his going for two years. He had great influence over his brother, and they felt that Christian needed his example and influence, for a time at least. This request he readily complied with, and set himself seriously to the preparation for the University examinations, with the sole intention, however, of encouraging his brother in his studies.

The end of the promised two years approached. The autumn of 1859 was spent in excursions through the valley of the Grisons. Again Just broached the subject nearest his heart, telling his parents that it was now time for him to follow his vocation, as he was already twenty-one years old and ignorant of the line of study necessary for a priest. This time they readily agreed with him. But now arose the question, in what branch of the sacerdotal life was he to fulfil his vocation?

Just himself thought that God wished him to enter the Order of St. Dominic, because from his earliest years he had ardently desired to give himself unreservedly to the practice of the evangelical counsels. Moreover, it was the only Order with which he was acquainted, and at this time other Religious were seldom seen at Dijon. It was the place made famous by

the work of Père Lacordaire, and on several occasions he had met the illustrious Dominican. One day the latter had said to Mme. de Bretenières when she presented her two sons to him: "You must give us one of them." And at another time, requested by the pious mother to bless them, he pressed Just to his heart saying in a whisper, "This one is already blessed." All these circumstances naturally exercised some influence, if not on his vocation, at least on the particular form which it at first assumed in the young man's mind. The dominating feature of his vocation was the desire, the passion, it may be called, for the apostolic life, and knowing that the Dominicans had missions in the Far East, he hoped to be sent there. On this point he had as yet said nothing, merely expressing a desire to enter the Order.

Joining wisdom to the spirit of sacrifice, here, as in all things else, his parents feared that such a choice was not entirely free from human influences, and as his director shared their doubts, it was decided that Just should go to Paris and take counsel with someone wholly disinterested. He went to Father Carrière, Superior General of the Sulpicians, who advised him to spend at least a year at the Seminary of Issy, where he could study and mature his plans. This decision was indeed painful to him, but with his usual docility he agreed and prepared to enter.

Up to this time Christian had not suspected his

M. DE BRETENIERES, THE FATHER OF THE MARTYR.

brother's determination, until one night, as they were walking together, Just laid his intentions before him. It was a heavy cross indeed for him, but neither by word nor act did he show the pain he felt. "Light," he writes, in his notes, "suddenly broke upon me regarding my brother's future, which I had never before clearly understood but which I now knew to be a special grace for him. I recognized so clearly, in his past, God's call on the one hand, and on the other his faithful correspondence to divine grace, that instead of trying to change him from a life that would deprive me of my best friend, I gave him all the encouragement that lay in my power."

The last weeks passed together at home were all too short, even though the departure was delayed because of the necessary preparations incidental to the removal of the family to Paris. The end of this beautiful home-life was now approaching, and for Just and those dear to him there was opening a period of sacrifices, one succeeding the other up to the time of the greatest sacrifice of all.

" To gaze upon a consecrated Host, to listen to its divine appeal urging us to the conquest of souls in distant lands, and to remain deaf to its pleadings seems almost impossible."

CHAPTER II.

AT ISSY.—JUST RESOLVES TO ENTER THE SEMINARY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—HIS PARENTS LEARN OF HIS DECISION.—PILGRIMAGE TO LA SALETTE.—HIS LAST DAY AT HOME (1859-1861).

THE Seminary of Philosophy at Issy, under the direction of the Society of St. Sulpice, reopens annually on October 5, but, delayed at Dijon by the circumstances mentioned in our first chapter, Just found the community already at work. It was the vigil of the principal feast of the house, the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, one of the great days of the year for the sons and disciples of Olier. Those in Holy Orders then renew the formal consecration which separated them from the world. "*Dominus pars haereditatis meae,*" they repeat at the foot of the altar: "The Lord is henceforth my heritage forever."

One of his fellow-students speaks of the impression made upon him at his first meeting with the future martyr: His tall, commanding figure gave indication of the perfect health and strength with which God had blessed him. His face was pale, with determined features. A quantity of waving hair set off his high forehead, and his mild, gentle eyes, beaming with the love that filled his soul, made one feel that here was a man to be relied upon.

The Seminary in which the new student made his first studies for the priesthood has been so often described that it is unnecessary to add anything of that character here. The great modern structures had not yet been added to the old summer home of Marguerite of Valois, which had served as a seminary up to this time. Issy is a true novitiate of the ecclesiastical life. In it may be found side by side the youth fresh from college, and those older men who have learned to realize the nothingness and vanity of earthly things, and have decided to devote themselves to the promotion of God's interests. It is remarkable how readily they conform to the rules of the Seminary, and with what child-like docility they endeavor to acquire habits and practices which their years render difficult. Unconsciously, the example of these older men has a splendid influence upon their youthful companions. Just's was not the nature to resist such influences; he gave himself up entirely to them, happy in what he received, unmindful of what he gave, filled with the deepest respect for his teachers and his fellow-students, without the least idea of the charm he exerted over all who were brought in contact with him.

We need not describe how he employed his time at the Seminary. It would be sufficient to read over the rules of St. Sulpice, and add after each article, "Just observed it perfectly." Silent, punctual, prayerful, with love for all and a self-denial which his light-

hearted nature strove to conceal, such is the portrait of our young apostle. Rising above natural likes and dislikes, one of the common dangers of community life, he was all to all. He associated with the less perfect for the purpose of helping them if he could, and with the fervent and edifying members of the Seminary that he might sanctify himself by their example.

At first he was surprised at the seeming laxity of the rule, so at variance with the training which he supposed necessary for the missionary life. His home education had been one of severe simplicity. He had always been accustomed to the exercise of self-control and self-denial, and he expected on entering the Seminary to find there the penances of the cloister. In this he was disappointed, but discovered by degrees, however, that the faithful observance of the rule gave him ample opportunity for mortification. Instead of regretting the lack of obligatory penances he soon learned how to impose penances upon himself.

For serious minds the Seminary is filled with attraction, but the life is very trying unless one is indeed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of God. Just worked untiringly, and at times, in the inexperience of his zeal, went to extremes. He had entered late, and applied himself so diligently in order to make up what he had lost in his studies, and to keep abreast of his daily work, that his health gave way and his Superiors found it necessary to send him back to his parents

for a few weeks' rest. Christian was delighted at this enforced leisure, because it meant for him the companionship of the brother to whom he was so intensely attached. However, Just was soon able to return to the Seminary, there to devote himself anew to the double task which wholly absorbed him—his sanctification and the endeavor to discover his true vocation.

Before giving an account of the means by which he came to a decision regarding the latter, let us take a brief glance at some characteristic traits and incidents, showing how he made progress in the first part of his self-imposed task.

Just was fully convinced that so far he had done nothing for God. One day having heard in a spiritual reading these words of a celebrated Sulpician of the seventeenth century: "Compared to the saints we are devout only in appearance," he exclaimed, "That is indeed true! We have done nothing. It is time to begin in earnest."

This explains the holy longing with which he sought the society of the most fervent and edifying seminarians. No one of these had more of his confidence perhaps than he of whom we now speak—a fellow-student, Father Guerin, a native of Lyons, whose early death as a novice in the Society of Jesus permits us to break the silence his humility had imposed upon us. Soon after he graduated as a civil engineer, this young man retired from the world to Issy, having in view the

same purpose as that which had brought Just there, namely, to find out his vocation. While already resolved to enroll himself among the soldiers of St. Ignatius, the events following close upon Castelfidardo caused him to join another army and offer his blood in defense of the Holy See before devoting his life to the service of the Church. For this purpose he left Issy in February, 1861, during Just's second year there; but the few short months they passed together under this holy roof had sufficed to cement their friendship into an indissoluble union, strengthened by the same love of God, the same thirst for sacrifice, the same aspiration for martyrdom. We gather from his letters written to Mme. de Bretenières after Just's glorious death, the close intimacy in which they lived.

"We were both for a time at Issy," he says, "awaiting the hour marked out for us by Providence to enter, he, the Seminary of Foreign Missions, I, the Society of Jesus. Long before we had mentioned our intentions, each had divined the other's secret and our later conversations confirmed it.

"We were speaking one day of the Blessed Sacrament, grieving that it occupies so small a place in the life of Christians. 'It is really incomprehensible,' we remarked, 'man's ingratitude in refusing such a Friend anything. To gaze upon a consecrated Host, to listen to its divine appeal urging us to the conquest of souls in distant lands, and to remain deaf to its pleadings,

seems almost impossible!' At these thoughts we were both overcome with emotion, and it was necessary for us to break off our conversation before the usual hour, or rather, to finish it at the feet of Him to whom one may lay bare his heart. A few minutes afterward I met Just on the stairs; his face was radiant with joy, his eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, thanks a thousand times,' he said to me; 'how much good our conversation has done me!'"

Thus was instilled into this generous soul, either by God's direct action or by that of His instruments, an overwhelming desire for sacrifice. Thus also was daily advanced the great purpose for which he had entered the Seminary.

We have said that on entering there had been two dominant thoughts in his mind, the one known, the other a secret—the life of a Dominican and the desire to work on the missions, closely united the one to the other, the first of which only gave form to the second. There came the question now as to whether, considering all the circumstances, there were not at work within him more of human, natural influences than divine. In the beginning Just did not think so, but to reassure his directors he consented to examine carefully the grounds on which he based his vocation.

As he proceeded in this examination, the doubts expressed gradually grew stronger and stronger in his own mind, until at last they resolved themselves into

a certainty. One thing alone appeared necessary to him, namely, to fulfil what he felt was the will of God and give himself to the foreign apostolate. He could not enter any of the established Religious Orders and be sure that he would be able to follow the divine call, because the Religious, by his very profession, renounces all right to the selection of his duties. Hence the Seminary of Foreign Missions seemed manifestly the path marked out for him by divine Providence in which to follow a vocation daily growing more clear and decisive.

These interior deliberations, known only to his director, occupied the whole of his first year at Issy, toward the end of which he received the tonsure in the church of St. Sulpice, at the hands of Cardinal Morlot. A severe attack of rheumatism which confined him to his bed during the preparatory retreat, threatened to deprive him of joining with his fellow-students in this, the first step toward the priesthood. But on the very morning of the ordination a sudden improvement in his condition permitted him to receive the tonsure with them, and the ardent joy, the angelic recollection of the young student was remarked during the long, solemn ceremony.

Six weeks afterward the vacations began, furnishing him the opportunity of showing the fruit of that interior spirit to the acquiring of which he had devoted the past year. Despite his deep affection for his par-

ents and for his brother he felt like an exile away from the Seminary, although keeping the rule most strictly and endeavoring to preserve all the advantages that he had gained from close intimacy with the most edifying of his confrères.

His parents took him to the waters of Plombières to build up his shaken health, and it was at the end of the season here that M. Bretenières and his two sons made the excursion into the Vosges, in the course of which happened the adventure already spoken of.

Reentering the Seminary in October, 1860, Just joyfully resumed the exercises of the community life, and the bonds between the Abbé Guerin and himself were drawn more closely than ever. On the departure of the latter for Rome to be enrolled in the Pontifical army, Just succeeded him in charge of the infirmary. Mortified, and paying but little attention to the ordinary requirements or needs of life, he had not much natural aptitude for these new duties, but charity proved an able instructor, and he soon became quite proficient in ministering to the sick. His zeal found full scope in an employment which brought him so closely in contact with many of his brethren, and enabled him, by his delicate attentions, to strengthen the counsels and the example of virtue which he gave them.

From the beginning of this second year he had decided to enter the Seminary of Foreign Missions, but

on the advice of his director he kept his resolution secret for a time, making it known only to his parents and his old tutor. A letter to the latter, dated February 21, 1861, reveals the love of his generous soul. He writes: "I tell you, but in confidence, that I have turned seriously to the Seminary of the Missions. Say nothing about it for the present, because I am not yet positively determined on this point, and shall not be for three or four months. When I do finally decide I intend mentioning it to no one outside our small family circle before taking the final step. In this way I shall avoid the questioning that will surely follow, for I well know that comments will be made. My decision once arrived at, nothing, no one, can shake it. Father and mother, to whom I have already spoken, will not oppose it. Believing it to be the will of God, I shall not be anxious as to the manner of its accomplishment, knowing that all will be brought about in His own good time."

By May his decision was fixed, and the time had now come to inform his parents, which he did one day while paying them a visit in their apartments in the Rue de l'Est, opposite the Ecole des Mines.

The interview was a trying one. M. de Bretenières saw vanish the hope which he still retained of reconciling the rights of paternal love with the demands of the zeal which filled his son. Seeing at once the suffering in store for himself and those dearest to him—the

separation, most probably in this world forever, the hard life of a missionary, and perhaps death amid tortures for Just, the father could scarcely bear up under his grief.

Not less affected, but more fortified by grace in this trying hour, Mme. de Bretenières proved herself a worthy companion of those heroic mothers whom history associates in the martyrs' glory, by their sublime sacrifice of their children. Silently praying while her boy was unfolding his plans, she asked from God the strength to thank Him for having chosen her child for such an apostolate.

After his disclosure some moments of silence followed, and Just, although outwardly calm, was inwardly undergoing a violent struggle. Expecting opposition from his parents, and seeing that they made no reply, he concluded that they were meditating some plan, framing some argument, to shake his resolution, and thought it well to begin the attack himself. In a few words he recalled all the motives which proved that he had the vocation, all the precautions that he had taken to prove it, all the concessions he had made in postponing his decision. Would it not be great presumption to question the manifest will of God?

Still his father and mother made no reply. More and more troubled by their silence, Just feared that he might be tempted to yield, and under the influence of this fear allowed his feelings to carry him away.

" Nothing," said he, " can make me change my resolution now. I knew a student of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, in circumstances like my own, who, being unable to obtain the consent of his parents, and afraid that they would take means to prevent him, secretly left for pagan lands after only a few months' stay at the Seminary."

This implied suspicion was an injustice to M. and Mme. de Bretenières, who had certainly given no ground for it, and it wounded them deeply. They had raised no objections because they realized that they were face to face with a divine vocation. On the very day of this disclosure, May 15, 1861, the father accompanied his son to the Seminary of the Missions and presented him to the Superior, at that time the Venerable Father Albrand. Thus was the will of God generously accepted by those heroic souls.

Just had a little more than two months to remain at Issy, and with that evenness of disposition so characteristic of him he returned there, and applied himself to his every-day duties as if nothing out of the ordinary had taken place. Was it not to follow the will of God that he wished to become a missionary? And in what better way could he please Him than by faithfully performing each day's allotted tasks?

On July 15, 1861, he bade farewell to the Seminary, and we may mention here the words of the Superior of the house, written to the saintly mother after the

martyrdom of her son. "My recollection of this period," he writes, "is embalmed in the perfume of his virtue, but it offers few incidents.

"Calm and uniform, his life was a beautifully attractive one, without display or ostentation. The following is the notice I find of him in our register: 'De Bretenières, Just, Nov. 19, 1859, to July 15, 1861; was for two years the edification of the Seminary by his piety and winning gentleness. His good qualities are the fruit of the education received in his own family, an excellent preparation for the great things in store for him.' In writing these last words," continues Father Maréchal, "which I did not quite understand myself, I often afterward thought of changing them, as not in keeping with the painful and obscure life of a missionary. To-day their meaning is plain to me, and I leave them just as they were written."

Before entering the Seminary of the Rue du Bac, Just wished to satisfy his devotion to the Blessed Virgin by a pilgrimage to La Salette, which he made in company with a fellow-student. Five days were passed in this place of solitude, where the beauties of nature proclaim the greatness of God, and Mary's sorrows invite the Christian to penance and recollection. The hours went quickly and pleasantly, spent as they were in the long prayers of the Church, and in the conversations which melted the heart of his companion. In these sweet and tranquil days the workings of divine

grace were evident in this young soul, whose heroic death a few years later was the crowning of a life holy even then.

At the end of their stay at La Salette, the two pilgrims were joined by Just's brother, who had passed a successful examination for his degree at Lyons. He, too, had come to thank the Blessed Mother for his success, and to enjoy once more the society of a brother from whom he was soon to be separated. On their return, the two brothers stopped some days at Dijon, thence proceeding to Paris, where their parents awaited them. But Just did not go to his parents' home. He had promised to give them some weeks of this year's vacation, but longing to take his place in the family of missionaries, he determined to put himself under obedience to his new Superior and to make the acquaintance of his new brethren before doing so.

Hence, on July 25, he entered the Seminary at the Rue du Bac, where he was cordially received. Although pleased with the reception, he was greatly surprised at the difference in the communities. The one that he had just left was filled with a daily routine deemed necessary to develop the untried characters of the students, but here there was a freedom and a lack of restraint that made him feel at first that this easy-going life was not a fit preparation for the hard experiences he would have to meet. It required only a short time, however, to show him that under this external

appearance was a spirit of profound recollection and deep charity, a great love of evangelical perfection and self-denial.

Just was too well versed in spiritual matters to entertain, for any length of time, a misapprehension arising from mere differences in appearances. A few months afterward he wrote to his old tutor: "I was under the impression at first that I had entered a society whose members took life easy, and where there was not much of the interior spirit, but this impression has proven erroneous. A house from which men are to go forth trained to battle against the devil and fully equipped for the struggle, must have an abundance of God's graces. Such is indeed the case in this house, and if you come here this winter, I shall tell you some things which will certainly astonish you, and which prove that there still are saints on earth."

During this, the early part of his stay at the Rue du Bac, his Superiors permitted him to visit his family almost daily, or to make little excursions with his brother in the neighborhood of Paris. It was vacation time, and the venerable Father Albrand hoped by this indulgence to Just to give some consolation to the parents who had so generously given their child to God. Toward the end of August they all returned to the Chateau de Bretenières, there to spend what was to be his last vacation with them, for it was and is an inviolable rule that the students must pass their vaca-

tion days at the community house at Meudon. So completely was Just master of himself that he did not betray the least feeling on this occasion, although from a letter written to a friend on the eve of his departure, we can conjecture what a struggle was taking place in his soul.

"I shall have especial need of your prayers," he wrote, "during the few days I am going to spend at Bourgogne, for many things will happen there to try me. No matter how great the soul's joy in sacrificing all to God, human nature is part of us, its voice is always an insistent one. Help me by your prayers to conquer myself, my inclinations, that I may enter on the road of perfect detachment and abandonment."

And elsewhere, referring to his parents, he says, "I really prefer to return here in about ten or twelve days, but my wishes are subservient to the thought that I ought to give a little more of my vacation to my parents. I would rather a thousand times have to fight their opposition, but I do not meet with any. Yet I see my father consumed with silent grief, my mother heartbroken, while my brother frankly tells me of the sorrow my leaving will cause them. God's grace sustains me under all this, but it is none the less painful for me to feel that I am the cause of so much suffering to others. Live Jesus! Is it not sufficient recompense for me to know that I am following God's will? Pray for my parents."

THE CASTLE AT BRETENIÈRES.

During the three weeks that he was at Bourgogne, he concealed the grief that so heavily oppressed him. Wishing above all things to avoid giving those dear ones any fresh pain, he resumed his former occupations, arranging his collection of minerals, giving his father and brother many suggestions concerning their geological work, and compiling the notes taken during the vacations. Never before had he displayed such interest in the scientific pastimes which had once occupied his leisure and which he hoped would prove a solace and a distraction to those he was about to leave. But even this failed to dispel the cloud that hung above the home and his very cheerfulness, in such striking contrast to their depression, served but to intensify their coming loss. There was little conversation, and the preparations for his departure went on amid stifled tears. He wished to look upon all that he was going to sacrifice for the last time, and the days that remained were spent in this mournful occupation. He visited the friends of his boyhood, the old servants of the house, the church at Châlon where he had been baptized, the one at Montcoy where he had made his First Holy Communion, the cemetery where his grandparents slept their last long sleep. When the momentous hour arrived, the family left the chateau, the scene of so many happy memories, and passed through the old village. This was more than the overwrought heart of the young apostle could stand, and vainly striving

to check the grief which he had thus far concealed, there burst forth from his lips the words, "At last it is accomplished!" On the morning of September 19, he went with his parents to the sanctuary of Fontaine-lès-Dijon, built upon the site of the chateau where St. Bernard was born. His brother, who heard Mass with him, noticed that the day's Gospel contained these words of our blessed Lord, "And every one that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children or lands for My name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold in this life and shall possess life everlasting" (Matt. xix. 29). This did not escape our young student, but it was not until two years afterward that he mentioned to his brother what a consolation the words had been to him. At an early hour that evening he left his father's home on his way to the Seminary. No one would ever have suspected that that apparently light-hearted youth was bidding a last farewell to all earthly ambitions.

"If there is anything in the world that can urge one to stop at nothing it is love for souls, since this love can not be separated from the love one bears Jesus Christ. Filled with this holy love, this holy longing . . . no sacrifice can deter him. He beseeches Our Lord to make him suffer."

CHAPTER III.

THE SEMINARY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—A PAINFUL TRIAL.—LETTERS.—PREPARATION FOR MINOR ORDERS.—THE APOSTOLATE OF THE QUARRIES (1861-1864).

On September 21, 1861, Just entered the Seminary at the Rue du Bac, never to leave it until he was a priest and missionary. It was the feast of the Seven Dolors of Our Lady, and the young student's heart rejoiced at this happy coincidence, which seemed to place the sacrifice his parents had made and his own hopes and longings under the patronage of the great Consoler of the afflicted.

The community being still at Meudon for the closing days of the vacation, his Superior permitted him to participate in short trips nearly every day with a professor of the Seminary at Issy, an intimate friend of the Bretenières family, who, having charge of the scientific course, was delighted to explore the quarries around Paris with the young man as his companion. Judging from his letters to his brother at this time, giving an account of these geological excursions, one might suppose that this science, in which Just excelled, still held a high place in his regard. But other letters

written to his friend at St. Sulpice show him entirely detached from these pursuits, occupied with them only apparently that his seeming interest might make his daily occupations a source of diversion to his parents, and lighten their grief. It was with this end in view that he urged his father to make a journey in company with Christian, knowing well that his mother would find in solitude and prayer what he counselled the others to seek in the distractions of travel. How beautifully he consoles her in these first days of their separation! "I feel no disquietude," he writes, "and I have great confidence in the Blessed Virgin, because she will never prove faithless to any one who has placed his trust in her. I hope, dear mother, that you have the same confidence. It is indeed true that nothing engrosses your thoughts so much as your children, and without wronging your mother's heart, which loves us so devotedly, may I not say that the Blessed Virgin is the best of all mothers, and that if it be impossible for an earthly mother to remain deaf to the prayers of her children, with what greater reason may we not believe that the Queen of mothers, whose glory is to enrich and to bless, will never refuse to aid her spiritual children who invoke her as their refuge? It is true that such confidence is difficult to acquire, and that it demands great faith as well as great mistrust of our own lights; yet we can at least ardently desire it. This desire is, with God's grace, the first step we can take;

the fruit comes later, given us by God as our reward. Hence, let us ask this confidence of Him, and He will give it."

Here is the language of faith. He who penned these encouraging words to his mother learned this language from her in his early childhood. And his faith was her recompense—sufficient recompense for all true Christian mothers.

The vacations were over; the students returned to the Rue du Bac, and went into retreat on October 5. Just hastened, after such a trying ordeal, to strengthen his soul with prayer. For the first time he made a retreat according to St. Ignatius. In the Seminary there are no sermons. The day passes in silence, four hours of meditation taking the place of sermons, the rest of the time being spent in the examination of conscience, spiritual reading, reflection, the pouring out of the soul before the tabernacle, or at the feet of Our Lady's image. Only those who have followed this mode of life know how wonderfully it develops the spiritual side of our nature. Some would shrink at the very anticipation of those long days passed in self-communion, believing that if ordinarily it is difficult for them to spend even an hour in mental prayer how much more so must it be to sustain such an effort for several hours daily. Vain fears! These exercises are for him who makes the retreat a surer guide, a stronger support, than all the discourses he could listen to. It

is in this communion with God, in this admirably combined series of interior acts, that the soul is inspired with the knowledge of its end, with a horror for sin, with the infinitely sweet grace of true repentance, and then with the desire of following Jesus Christ in the way which He points out by the successive mysteries of His life. It is here God's designs are revealed in the fruitful work of election. It is here the Christian is armed for the strife, and goes forth renewed in spirit, burning with love for the service of the King.

If these spiritual exercises can produce—as they have—such effects in a soul but poorly prepared provided it be faithful to grace, what fruits must they not bear in a generous heart, long open to divine love, and already anticipating the joys of sacrifice? And we know that such was the soul of Just de Bretenières, hence we are not surprised at the extraordinary fervor one perceives in his correspondence after the close of this retreat.

But "fervor," says St. Ignatius, "consists rather in acts than in sentiments and words." "*Amor debet poni magis in operibus quam in verbis.*" So, too, says Our Lord in the Scriptures: "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them; he it is that loveth Me" (John xiv. 21). Filled with this truth, our student lost no time in applying himself to his new duties. Always mistrustful of himself, it was not without a certain fear that he entered upon the study

of theology. The course of Dogma was then taught in the Rue du Bac by one professor, and as it embraced a period of three years, it happened that only once in every three years were new students enabled to begin the course. At other times they were forced to take it up at whatever portion engaged the more advanced students. Just encountered at the beginning, perhaps, the most difficult part of theology, the treatise on grace, and he applied himself to it with the humble fidelity characteristic of him. But even this study, so closely connected with his vocation, although engrossing his mind, did not possess his heart. He pursued it with conscientiousness, but still reserved the strong energies of his soul for closest communion with his divine Lord.

Not only advancing in the practice of piety himself, he counselled others to it with a wisdom that knew how to adapt his advice to their spiritual capacity. His correspondence with his brother on this point is a model of what zeal for souls can inspire. Knowing that idleness would prove more injurious to Christian than anything else, Just repeatedly urged him to work hard at his studies. He was not satisfied with mere generalities in the way of advice, but making use of his own experience, he entered into the minutest details. The accuracy of his knowledge and the precision of his language added weight and authority to his instructions.

From time to time the accent of piety makes itself heard. "I forgot to say to you yesterday," he writes, "that you must guard against losing sight of God amid the occupations that take up your time. Do not allow yourself to be influenced by what pleases your fancy and appears fair and right to you, without examining whether it be founded upon a principle of good. You remember that you laughed some years ago when I spoke to you of the vanity of all things human. This, however, does not prevent my speaking to you again upon this all-important subject. Yes, vanity, vanity! This is a serious matter. Do you understand and reflect upon it? I am not preaching to you, I am merely giving you a little advice; or, rather, it is Our Lord who gives it, not I, for frequently did He speak of the vain illusions of this world. Pray for me. I have far more need of prayers than you."

The following year the note changes; the counsel to study is not forgotten, but spirituality occupies a larger and ever increasing share in his letters. Perceiving in his brother's soul the work of grace which will soon develop a vocation similar to his own, he discreetly draws this soul so dear to him to an intimate knowledge of the Saviour, helping it to value renunciation and self-sacrifice at their true worth. The third year Christian is at the Seminary at Issy, and the future apostle feels no restraint in speaking to him of divine love; and he does so in eloquent terms.

Such was the solidity of his virtue during the first months of his Seminary course. In sacrificing to his vocation for the foreign missions his aspirations to the monastic state, he had lost nothing of his early spirit, and on entering the Seminary at the Rue du Bac, it had been his greatest joy to find in this holy community the equivalent of the religious life.

"There is one thing here," he writes to a former fellow-student at Issy, "that sincerely pleases me: holy poverty is practiced to the greatest degree. The Seminary is supported, not by the tuition received from the student, but by alms. One is lodged and supported by the Seminary. All that he possesses, all the furniture of his cell—books, clothing, etc., are given him by the house or by friends. What joy this gives me! It brings the monastic life nearer, in making us own everything in common. What happiness to be able to say that I eat the bread of charity."

We shall soon see to what perfection he brought the love of poverty and how he practiced it. For the present, however, we will simply glance at the first weeks of his stay here. He had already won the admiration of his fellow-students, but in his humility he felt that he was an intruder, and his letters are filled with the impressions made upon him by his surroundings.

"Up to the present," he writes to a priest of the diocese of Dijon, "I am more and more convinced that the good God calls me to His service in the foreign

missions, and this belief is growing stronger and stronger every day. Time passes very rapidly and I feel no more anxiety than if I were never to leave my native land. Moreover, let me assure you that the thought of going away from home and country does not cast the least shadow of sadness over the students here. On the contrary there is perhaps no other community so happy as ours, for the good God seems to reward with perfect peace of soul the sacrifices we have already made, and the desire we have to make others. The nearer the time of trial approaches, the more does divine Providence take possession of our hearts, filling them with a simplicity and child-like sweetness that are truly marvelous.

"Our Lord gives these young apostles a practical charity, which astonishes those who are brought in contact with them. Here all are brothers, directors and students seeming to have but one heart and one soul. That ardent love which the Apostle St. John recommended to his disciples binds them together. There is more need here of the virtues of humility, self-denial, and fidelity to God than perhaps any place else, and they are found here in so high a degree that, poor beginner that I am, I can scarcely comprehend the sanctity of the lives around me."

There was a period when the sight of these sublime virtues, carried to such perfection, proved a trial, which he afterward revealed to his mother in confidence. In

meditating on the sanctity of those with whom he was to live in such close relations; in thinking of the Christ-like lives of his directors, several of whom had already been put to the torture for the Faith, he was seized with fear. Perhaps it was the weakness of human nature shrinking from the sacrifices which he knew were inevitable, or that his timidity made him distrust his fitness for any undertaking. It may have savored a little of both. At any rate, after a time this fear vanished and he then understood that God had permitted him to realize his weakness for the purpose of drawing him closer to Himself. Summoning, therefore, all his courage, he faced the heights which he would have to mount, no longer doubtful of himself, but filled anew with the confidence which he had lost but for the moment.

The memory of him among his fellow-students showed the heroic plan he laid out for himself, a plan to which he ever remained faithful. According to it the student was to make all his actions a preparation for the apostolic life. The apostle is poor; Just immediately embraced the strictest poverty. Wishing to wear nothing but what he received as charity, he divided among his brethren all the linen and articles of wearing apparel which he had brought to the Seminary, and henceforth received from his Superiors the things he needed. He had but one cassock, which he wore until it was literally falling to pieces; his underclothing

was so worn and threadbare that a beggar would have discarded it; his shabby, ill-fitting hat became a by-word in the house. Noticing one day that he could no longer wear the rabbi that he had on, he thought of asking for another, but finding one in the sweepings of the Seminary corridor, he appropriated it, saying with naïve simplicity, "This is better than the one I have."

He resolved to become used to suffering, realizing that the true apostle must ever bear the cross. Did he follow the austerities practiced among the Religious Orders? No one can say, but those who knew him well state that by preference he always chose the mortifications which would prepare him for the rough life of a missionary. During the first year he accustomed himself to sleeping in his clothes. In winter he used a straw mattress, in summer he slept on the floor. Whether bathed in perspiration or drenched with rain, he never changed his clothing. With him this was not affectation. He was honestly endeavoring to harden himself against the changes of the weather, and the training he had received during the preceding years enabled him to bear such hardships. Sometimes, however, he paid the penalty of what some would call his imprudence. In the vacation of 1862 he went on a two-days' trip, and was caught in a driving rainstorm which lasted the entire time. He slept, as was his custom, in his clothing, and as a consequence his lungs

became affected and an obstinate cough set in which threatened to severely injure his health. His mother noticed how pale and worn he had become, but neither she nor any of the family knew until a long time afterward how narrowly he had escaped a lingering illness. His cough he concealed from them by not allowing them to visit him for three weeks. During this period he attended to his ordinary duties. "For three months," he wrote to his old tutor, "I have been suffering with a severe cold, and it looks as if it were to remain with me. It fatigues and wears upon me, but that does not matter."

As the day of ordination drew near, his love of privation grew more intense. At Meudon he selected for his cell a small room immediately under the roof, where it was so insufferably hot that at night he was often obliged to seek a little fresh air through the narrow opening which served as a window. He learned to do with little sleep. Taking advantage of the general permission, he did not retire until ten o'clock, and at Meudon, where the rule was more relaxed, his many duties kept him from bed until eleven. Yet he always arose at four in the morning and during the vacations even earlier.

The apostle must be obedient. Regretting that he was not under religious obedience, he hastened to make a vow of obedience to his Superior and director, Father Albrand—submitting to him everything, his studies,

his works of zeal and charity, his mortifications, his visits, and even his correspondence. From his second year in the Seminary he was truly dead to self and filled with a spirit of sacrifice.

The apostle must suffer contempt. He was naturally of a proud disposition, and shrank from humiliation, as his letters to his friends at the Seminary clearly show, and yet he was resolved not to yield to this weakness. He sought the most humble occupations, performed the most menial services. He felt that he could not consider himself a missionary, until, like the saints, he had courted the contempt of others. One day while out walking with the community in one of the market-places of Paris, his grotesque appearance in the shabby cassock which he always wore, and the awkward walk he assumed, brought upon him taunting remarks from the passers-by, and in this he rejoiced.

People of the world associate sadness with mortification; in their judgment an austere life must be a gloomy and desolate one. In this they make a mistake. It is well known that cheerfulness is characteristic of those who practice self-denial, and Just was no exception to the rule. After one year in the Seminary at the Rue du Bac he wrote to this same tutor: "I feel here as I never did at Issy. I am really so very happy that it seems like a dream." And yet, as if to show that the saints are only human, he confesses to his brother that there were moments when his heart was wrung at

the thought of leaving his family and friends forever. "I can not think without shuddering," he writes, "of the time when I must bid farewell to all—parents, relatives, and country. Oh, how incapable I would be of making such a sacrifice if left to myself! Without God's grace it would be impossible—but I have confidence and He will help me. Is not this a case in which we must repeat the words of St. Ambrose: 'The saints were not different to us, except that they were more faithful to the graces bestowed upon them'?"

The end of this first year was marked by a painful trial. Having been given the tonsure before entering the Rue du Bac, he expected to receive Minor Orders at the Trinity ordinations as is the custom of St. Sulpice, not knowing that the rule of the Seminary of Foreign Missions requires the student to pass an entire year in the house before receiving any Orders. The names were called and his was not among them, and for the moment he thought that his Superiors did not think him qualified for the work of the foreign missions. To his brother he imparted the disappointment he felt and what it meant for him.

"I have been for two days bowed under the weight of this trial, which seems to me inexplicable. On searching my heart I can not doubt my vocation. However, before speaking to my director and confiding to him my sorrow, I will offer to God the entire sacrifice of my hopes, if needs be, and submit myself to His

will. I am in a state of constant unrest; it seems to me that I must be a missionary. My nights are sleepless; when I feel myself growing too despondent and grieved, I softly hum some hymn or canticle in honor of the Blessed Virgin, to whom I have committed my interests. This calms me and restores my courage. I then feel better disposed to comply with all that the good God desires of me." And his brother adds: "It was not until after reducing his poor heart, if not to a state of indifference, at least to complete resignation, that he made known his trouble to Father Albrand. The latter immediately explained the cause that delayed his ordination to the Christmas ember days." So was he lifted up again to the heights.

The following year, when, with joyful soul, he was preparing for the sub-diaconate, a trial of another nature threatened his peace. Misled by some gossip he had heard, a priest of the diocese of Dijon, imagining that his virtue did not measure up to the high standard the Church requires of the sons devoted to her service, wrote him a severe letter, charging him with rashness in continuing in a course of life to which he had not been called by God. This was a warning to him, it said, which he would do well to heed even as the voice of God, urging him to repent and stop on the brink of the precipice. Troubled at first at this language, Just once more questioned his heart. "Thou knowest, my God," said he, "whether my intentions are pure, and

JUST'S FAVORITE WALK IN THE WOODS.

whether I have ever loved anything but Thee." Recovering his tranquillity by prayer, he fearlessly cast aside the last obstacle that could have turned his steps from the priesthood.

When a soul has yielded itself entirely to God it is not content until others are imitating its example and enjoying its happiness. Charity urges it on, almost beyond the power of resistance, and inexperience sometimes leads it into measures that prudence would condemn. The fault, however, may be excusable in one who has had but little acquaintance with souls and their weaknesses, and who has not learned how to discern the ways of divine Providence. Just's correspondence furnishes us an example of this zeal which, though perhaps mistaken, time would not fail to correct. Yet even here one can not refrain from admiring the ardor of the language with which love for Jesus Christ inspired him.

An ecclesiastic whom he had known in the world had entered the religious life, but had not persevered. Devoting himself to teaching, he recoiled from the responsibilities of the priesthood, and remained in Minor Orders. Pious, however, and yearning for the vocation he had lost, he envied our young student's fervor, but made no attempt to imitate it.

Just should have contented himself with prudently exhorting him to become a priest and thus serve the Church in the holy ministry, for there was nothing

about his friend to indicate the least qualification for the foreign apostolate. But with Just to be a priest was to be a missionary. "When I think that in three or four years," said he one day to a companion, "you will doubtless be vicar at St. Roche's, or holding some similar position, it seems to me so strange that I really can not comprehend it." After eighteen months at the Seminary of the Missions, when he felt more than ever attracted by grace to the complete sacrifice of himself, this disposition to regard the priest as identical with the missionary took a firmer hold on him. He persuaded himself that the ecclesiastic of whom we have spoken had stifled within his heart, either through weakness or thoughtlessness, a vocation similar to his own, and accordingly entered into a correspondence with him which reveals his feelings in the matter. We borrow a quotation from one of the most important of these letters, for the length of which no one will reproach us. In the history of the servants of God their own words are always best. He writes as follows:

"I find a striking contradiction in your letter. You say to me in one place: 'Am I then of the world? Do I esteem anything more than heaven, than the saving of a soul?' And elsewhere you say, 'I am now nearly forty years old, a man who has fixed habits of rising, retiring, eating, drinking, etc. Ah! truly my whole being shudders at the thought you propose! I can not resolve to follow you even to the Rue du Bac.'

"Can these two assertions emanate from the same person? I can scarcely believe it. If it be true that you are of the number of those men who are slaves to their habits, of those who shudder at the thought of becoming humble and obedient, appalled at the idea of entering a community—if unhappily you are of that number, I tell you that you are greatly mistaken in believing yourself not of the world; for he is of the world who relies upon anything except our divine Saviour. You are mistaken in believing that you love heaven more than anything else, for he who prizes heaven should trample under foot all those little comforts of which you speak; he heeds God's voice when it calls him, and does not say, as you do, 'I feel within me something urging me to go with you to China or to Cochin China, and yet I can not resolve to accompany you even to the Rue du Bac.' I also tell you that you deceive yourself more deeply still if you believe that you value an immortal soul above anything else, for that Christian who realizes the value of a soul, and loves nothing so much as to work for its salvation, will make every sacrifice to accomplish his absorbing purpose. Imagine his astonishment if some one said to him: 'But consider! You have your regular habits of eating, drinking, rising, retiring—and all these you must give up if you desire to save that soul!' Would he for a moment look upon these as sacrifices? Can he who realizes the value of a soul think of anything else?

If there is anything in the world that can urge one to stop at nothing, it is love for souls, since this love can not be separated from the love one bears Jesus Christ. Filled with this holy love, this holy longing, nothing can arrest his course, no sacrifice can deter him. Rather he strives unceasingly after sacrifice, and sorrows when he can make none. Nor, seeming paradox, does he really make any. He believed it a sacrifice when he left his family. It was not—it was a holocaust of joy. He believed it a sacrifice when he bade farewell to those places to which he was attached; when he bade farewell to friends so dear that at one time it seemed impossible to live without them; when he put aside ambitions which others struggle to accomplish. Sacrifices they were, perhaps, but sacrifices which gave him a foretaste of the coming joys of heaven. Love for souls possesses all his thoughts; he crosses the widest seas, never dreaming of the perils which he will meet; his heart is filled with joy if God leads him into places where his life is in danger; he can not restrain his song of exultation at beholding himself exposed to persecution, threatened with the sword, even at the point of death from famine, from fatigue, from sorrow. And yet with all this he believes that he has suffered little, because there are souls still blind to grace. He beseeches Our Lord to make him suffer more; this love of suffering is a consuming thirst, which nothing appeases, for he is on fire with love of God!

"Behold, then, the picture of one who prizes a soul at its real value—the true servant of God, whom Our Lord will not deny at the Last Day. I pity those who, through contempt or neglect of grace, are not as he whom I have just described to you, for their last hour will be terrible.

"And on which side do you range yourself, you, who confess yourself in bondage to miserable little habits? The fear of submitting to the sweet yoke of obedience renders you deaf to the appeals of a poor soul which a little courage on your part might save from hell! I think this a grave question, even if you fail to agree with me.

"You promised to ask for me the signal grace of martyrdom, on condition that I would ask the same for you. But can you believe that God would grant such a favor, such a priceless reward, to one who will not sacrifice even a few moments of repose, a few creature comforts, to His glory? Often He refuses this crown to hundreds of missionaries who, hoping to win it, have consecrated themselves unreservedly to Him. Nor, let me remark, must we deem God unjust in refusing them this grace, for although He denies them the honor of shedding their blood for Him, and thus gaining an immortal crown, He reserves for them another crown not less glorious—the martyrdom of thirty years of mission life: this, yes, and a shorter time, is equal to the martyrdom of blood. And surely God will

not lavish the grace of martyrdom on one who will make no sacrifices for Him. Do you not know that martyrdom is the heroic act of love? How, then, could he be a martyr who does not love? And he does not love God who loves anything except God.

"Pardon me for saying it, but it seems to me that if I were in your place, I would not dare to ask for martyrdom when I was unwilling to sacrifice anything to obtain it. Forgive me for saying all this, but I must tell you what I think. Moreover, I should blush at approaching the holy table if, hearing within me a voice urging me to give myself entirely to God, I made reply, 'Yes, my Jesus, Thou hast given Thyself to me unreservedly, unconditionally, Thou hast descended into the vile depths of my heart, Thou hast submitted Thyself to me, begging in return only that I give myself to Thee. Thou dost urge me to this in the gentlest, sweetest manner, promising me Thy love in return. Thou speakest to me as a friend to a friend, a brother to a brother, showing me all that Thy love has inspired Thee to do and to suffer for me. Yet I can not respond to Thy invitation; some things hold me back and come between us—my comforts, my conveniences; I am more attached to them than to Thee!'

"A true picture this, my dear friend, nor do I think that I have exaggerated. No doubt you will imagine that I am displaying a lack of judgment in this matter, but I fear this is rather the case with you than with

me. You asked me to speak frankly. I have tried my best to do so, urged to it solely by the desire of God's greater glory and the good of your own soul.

"Tell me what you think of my words. With what ideas do they inspire you? May the good God direct you, may His mercy overshadow you!

"Instead of considering the difficulties that lie in your path, cast yourself at God's feet, humble yourself before Him, acknowledge that heretofore you have been slothful and lukewarm in His service. Ask His pardon for your weakness, and then have confidence and courage, for God Himself will assist you. Pray, pray much and earnestly, for it is in prayer you will find the necessary strength. I think of you all the time, I can almost say, without exaggeration, day and night. I pray for you all I can, and I feel certain that God will rouse you from your indifference. But you must do something yourself. God wishes you for Himself; give yourself to Him, then, without reserve, and He, in turn, will not fail to reward you even on earth, for the missionary's temporal reward always outweighs any sacrifice he could make.

"You wished a long letter, dear friend, and I think you have reason to be satisfied. God grant that you may be satisfied with its contents. There are still some things that I should like to say to you, but our good Mother knows how to inspire you with more generous thoughts than I can.

"I must now finish my letter, not, however, until I say that I have written from my very heart; so that whatever offends you, or whatever you find reprehensible in my words must be attributed to me alone. Behold at your feet your poor, proud, miserable friend, always the same, or, more truly, even more miserable than ever. I really wonder how, considering my own spiritual poverty, I have been able to speak to you as I have. The sole desire of procuring your happiness has urged me to it. If you need prayers, I have still greater need of them, and the good God must be merciful indeed to suffer my presence in this house. There is no one here who has offended Him so much as myself; hence I should ever do penance and, above all, implore pardon unceasingly. Pray much for me, then, in view of my spiritual needs, for the future missionary's charity and affection should, like his divine Master's, embrace the whole world, and you know how lacking I am in these virtues. You may rest assured of my prayers for you; there is nothing I would not do to increase your happiness. Ever yours in Jesus and Mary."

This letter is dated July 12, 1862. The writer was then but twenty-four years old, and he had had no experience of the world; he had been in the Seminary of the Missions scarcely more than a year, and had not yet received Minor Orders. This alone would suffice to excuse what might be called his intemperate zeal.

And yet we must admire the work of grace which, in so short a time, fired this faithful soul so that he was unable to understand how any one could be a stranger to perfect sacrifice and perfect love.

If such was his zeal in endeavoring to draw his friend to the apostolic vocation, one can well imagine what an influence he must have had upon those closely associated with him in the Seminary. To this all his fellow-students, afterward missionaries, have testified in the letters which they wrote to his parents on hearing of his martyrdom. We borrow some extracts from one of these letters, which will serve as a specimen of all the rest. The writer says:

"That I have persevered in my vocation is, under God, due to him. I entered the Seminary of the Missions in September, 1863, and on the day of my arrival I was taken to Meudon. This first day, spent in visits to the reverend directors and to my new brethren, passed pleasantly. But next morning, finding myself alone, I directed my steps toward the woods, filled with sadness at having left my friends, my family, and above all, my mother, who had been a sufferer from paralysis for the past six years. Soon I was joined by your holy son who, with a smiling countenance, affectionately greeted me. Learning the cause of my sadness he graciously and patiently listened to me, and his gentle, encouraging words quickly brought peace to my soul. Later on, I was again troubled and beset by

temptations, and at last, growing tired of the struggle, I several times thought of leaving the Seminary, yet did not dare to do so. I opened my heart a little to Father B——; after which, through him and Father D——, I was placed in close relations with your son. Whenever the memory of my country, of my family, or of others whom I loved tormented me, or the temptations of the demon threatened to distract me, I went to him; and no matter what the hour he was always ready to receive me, always affable, full of sweetness and good cheer. Making me sit down, he would take a seat beside me on his little bed. 'Silly child,' he would say, 'so you wish to go—you wish to leave the good God!' And then he would speak to me of the missions, and of the happiness of serving Our Saviour —so gently and soothingly that I would leave him entirely consoled and encouraged. His charity even made him humiliate himself before me to relieve my confusion, which he saw was the result of my sins and temptations. He did this moreover so cleverly and represented himself such a sinner, that I was almost shaken in the idea I had of his sanctity, and was tempted to believe that he had grievously sinned in his youth. One evening after Just left us for Corea, when I was walking with Mgr. Charbonnier, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Cochin China, he spoke to us of the innocence of Just's early years. I was struck with his words, and could not help exclaiming: 'Oh, the de-

ceiver! Why did he try to make me believe that he was such a sinner!'

"However, he had not succeeded in convincing me of this; for one day, just before the departure of some of our brethren for the missions, as I held him by the hand while he spoke to another student and myself of God, his words were so penetrating, his hand so burning, that I could not help thinking, 'It is love for God that thus inflames him!' Even after leaving us, in his charity he remembered me. Besides praying for me, he wrote to me, and his letters, precious souvenirs of our friendship, came from the Far East to the forests of Anjou, whither sickness had forced me to return. I have two letters from him in which I have the happiness of seeing myself addressed as 'Dear little Louis,' 'My very dear little Louis.' One is dated from Notre Dame du Soleil (Manchuria) April 19, 1865; the other from Seoul (Corea) August 10 of the same year. In both of these he shows his great charity in the sorrow which he feels on hearing that I have been obliged to return home on account of ill-health. He urges me to profit by this trial, and assures me that I am not forgotten in his prayers. After thus encouraging me, he adds these humble words: 'And do you likewise pray frequently and fervently for the poor, miserable creature now writing to you—for him whose heart is so cold, and who does so little to make Our Lord forget his ingratitude.' A passage in the

second letter shows at the same time both his beautiful friendship and his love of mortification. 'Take good care of yourself,' he writes, 'for health is very necessary to the missionary. Mortifications are thrust upon him from every side, without his having to seek them. This is why the missionary's life is so abundant in good for his own soul. Farewell. Write to me every year, and may Christ reign in our hearts.'"

Love for souls knows no difficulties. Although a lover of solitude in the Seminary, Just eagerly seized upon the occasions offered him to apply himself to those exterior works that obedience and custom permitted. The two principal ones were visiting the old people in the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in the Rue St. Jacques, and the quarries.

It was really a great happiness for him to pass his free time with the poor old men, listening to their stories, consoling, and helping them. His touching sympathy induced them to open their hearts to him, and he made use of this confidence to draw them nearer to God. Loving and respecting in them the poverty of Jesus Christ, he never showed the least weariness. "Oh! the poor, the blessed poor!" he exclaimed one day, on leaving the house with one of his brethren; "how much more pleasing they are to God than the rich!"

The work of the quarries, which had been begun some time before his entrance into the Seminary, in-

terested and occupied him even more than visiting the old. The house of the community at Meudon is only a short distance from the stone quarries which furnish the building material for Paris and its environs. The quarrymen spend nearly all their lives here, engaged in the hardest kind of labor, forming a distinct class of the population in the outskirts of the city. The ignorance in which they live tends to make them forget God, and all sorts of degrading vices are the natural result. The directors of the Seminary, seeing a beautiful opportunity in this for the young students to exercise the apostolic ministry, permitted the most fervent and edifying of them to devote the leisure of the vacations and holidays to this work. Just was introduced to it by two of his brethren to whom he was most attached, and soon, by his zeal and practical charity, became their model. Beginning with some friendly words to the laborers, some questions about the work, these young men would gain their confidence little by little and then show their interest in a practical way. If one of the quarrymen was sick, or if there was a sickly member of the family to be cared for, the students would immediately offer their help, and from their own poverty aid these unfortunates. Just's letters to his parents at the time are full of urgent appeals for means of relieving such cases of distress. Once having gained the good will of these poor people, the young students commenced to instruct them, spoke

to them of God, and tried to make them understand their dignity as children of the one great Father. Just was remarkable for the fervor of his exhortations. Always endeavoring to make himself the lowest among his brethren, he cheerfully gave his companions the precedence on all occasions, and they knew that such humility was deeply founded on the pure love of God.

Before approaching the laborers, he would say, "Let us humble ourselves in the presence of God; and let us acknowledge that without Him we would be more ignorant and sinful than these poor creatures. Who knows but even now they stand higher in God's eyes than we, who fail to respond to so many graces?"

A letter he wrote to his parents shows his manner of proceeding in the apostolate of the quarries. He says: "I first persuade myself—and it is easily done—that these people are better than myself. I must have this feeling toward them. They are men like ourselves, children of God like ourselves, and we should speak and deal with them as our fellow-creatures, who are on a level with ourselves. I seek to gain a soul. I see it dwelling in a body worn and broken by hard, exhausting labor. Laying aside my hat and my book, I take off my cassock, and rolling up my sleeves, I seize a pick-ax or a crowbar and make an effort to help. Once a man is convinced that, although wearing a cassock, I am like himself, little by little he is drawn to listen to the truths of faith and brought out of the

darkness into the light. Were I at Bretenières, I would do the same thing, beginning always with the conviction that I am no better than those I seek to help, nay, that they are, perhaps, better than I. Then I would act in a frank, straightforward manner, speak with simplicity, and show my interest by practical charity." Again he recurs to this subject. "In dealing with the poor and the peasantry of Bretenières," he writes, "cast aside all vanity, all idea of superiority; work with them, serve them, be one of them—and then when you speak of God they will listen and believe you."

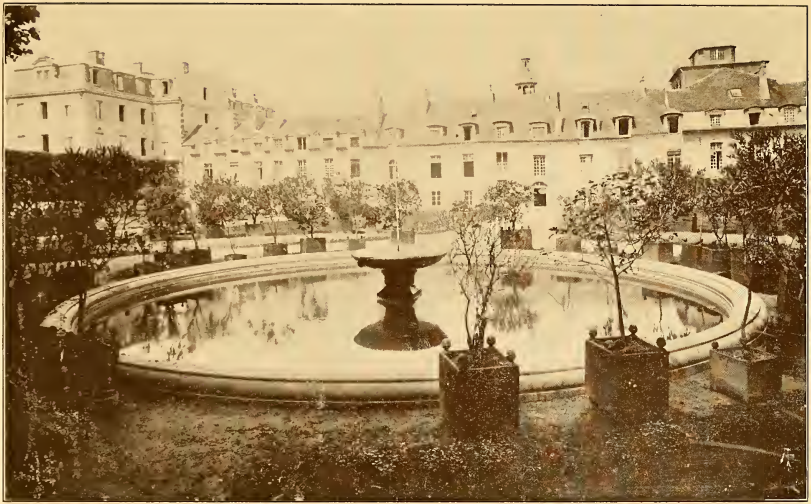
To understand this aright one must remember the distance that divided the classes in Just's home, and how, in order to put himself on a plane with those of whom he spoke, he had to eliminate from his character every trait, every inclination which he had inherited from his forebears. That he did this successfully his counsels show, expressing, as they do, the highest evangelical perfection. Christian morality valued properly, practiced properly, would solve what men, at the present time, are pleased to call the social problem.

Mme. de Bretenières gives us a little anecdote which we here relate, and which will conclude our account of the apostolate of the quarries.

On a cold winter's day Just had gone to the quarries with Father D——, and missing from his audience an old man who had always been punctual in his attend-

ance, he inquired for him and learned that he was lying in one of the caves in the rocks ill with fever. They made search for him at once, an undertaking which the gathering darkness of the night rendered difficult. Having at last reached an abandoned quarry, they heard some one shouting at them in a threatening manner. It was the poor old man, who, supposing them to be robbers, sought in this way to frighten them off. After some effort they approached, and perceiving that he would certainly perish from cold if left there, they took him upon their shoulders, and, in spite of the difficulties they encountered, brought him to the hospital at Sèvres.

But their task was not finished; there was not one vacant bed at the hospital. From door to door they carried the sick man, begging shelter for him, and at last found an innkeeper who received him for the sum of ten cents (all the money they had about them) promising them to wait for the remainder and take care of the sick man until there was a vacant bed at the hospital. It was after eleven o'clock at night when the two students re-entered the Seminary.



THE SEMINARY AT ISSY.

"I am like a bell that has but one tone, sounding over and over again, 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, except to love God!'"

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEMINARY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS (1861-1864) CONTINUED.—EVENTS AT THE SEMINARY.—DEVELOPMENT OF VIRTUES.—LOVE FOR POVERTY.—MINOR ORDERS.—THE SUB-DIACONATE.—HIS BROTHER'S VOCATION.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.—ORDINATION.—HIS FIRST MASS.

We have shown some of Just de Bretenières' characteristics. Virtue is a holy habit made up of repeated acts, each one of which, in itself, appears of small moment. Therefore, we must consider them as a whole if we wish to realize the result of daily efforts. So that it will be of interest to outline in chronological order the principal events marking Just's three years' stay at the Seminary of the Missions. Borrowing the details, as we do, from his letters, from the recollections of his parents, of his brothers, of his fellow-students, we shall be obliged more than once to return to subjects upon which we have already dwelt. The reader will pardon us these repetitions in the story of a life so barren of incidents as that of a seminarian.

The first year was for Just the epoch of what he called his second conversion, the first, according to his own statement, having taken place at Issy. This expression, familiar to the saints, astonishes the worldly,

and yet it is strictly correct. To be converted is to change one's life—one is converted when he passes from sin to grace. This conversion the holy young man did not heed. But one is also converted when he passes from ordinary piety to that higher plane where the soul rests in intimate relations with its God. Now, a conversion of this kind had marked Just's entrance at Issy, and the early part of his stay at the Rue du Bac accomplished in him a second and deeper conversion. He saw more clearly the aim and end of his lofty ambition, and the means of attaining it. Even his mistakes, the result of his inexperience, show traces of the determination with which he strove after perfection. Realizing that humility must be the foundation of the spiritual edifice, "He began," writes a missionary who was one of his fellow-students, "by so humbling himself that he really believed himself unworthy to be found among his brethren. As he told me, he dared not raise his eyes to meet theirs. The result of his interior struggles was a severe attack of illness; and those who had the care of him remarked that the cause was moral rather than physical. A word from his director restored his peace of soul, and guided him aright."

Wishing to prepare both himself and his parents for the final separation, he began by attempting to break off all communication with them. But soon understanding that such a course was wholly at variance

with his duty toward a father and a mother who had in no way, where he was concerned, resisted God's will, he resumed his usual affectionate relations.

Thus passed his first year at the Seminary. When, after the vacation of 1862, spent entirely at Meudon, he again resumed his studies and accustomed exercises, a marked change had taken place. His humility was profound, his energy had grown in proportion. There was a determination, an indescribable resoluteness in his bearing, which was evidence that he appreciated the work he had in contemplation. Compared to the retiring, timid seminarian who but one short year before had crossed the threshold of the missionaries' house, he was truly another man. Few are they who would in twelve months make such progress in the paths of spirituality! He understood, without applying the words to himself, the meaning of the phrase: "It is determination, not time, that makes a saint."

At the Christmas ordinations he was advanced to Minor Orders, for which he prepared himself with extraordinary fervor, realizing that in a few months he would be promoted to the sub-diaconate.

It was during this second year that signs of his brother's vocation became more evident. It appears that Just must have had a presentiment of this from the time of the vacations of 1862; for in writing to Christian about a friend who had decided to leave the world, he says: "So B—— is to leave you alone in the

world, choosing for himself the better part! I think, despite the pain you must feel at the thought of losing him, that you must congratulate him on having heard and heeded the voice of God, calling him to a life infinitely sweeter than any other. Count him happy, and if ever, like him, you hear God's blessed voice inviting you to accept the same favor, ah! do not close your ears to it; for the cup presented to your lips will be sweet, although the first taste may be as bitter as gall. If God's designs are not as plain to you as they are to your friend, humble yourself before Him, and with great fear lead a holy life in the world. In a word, while living in a poisoned atmosphere, let your conduct be guided not by worldly but by religious principles, even if you are not called upon to embrace a religious vocation."

Six months later he again alludes to this matter, still acting with that discretion which fears to thwart God's inspirations.

"In all my advice regarding your studies and labors," he writes to Christian, "do not lose sight of a most important point, which perhaps you do not understand. I am like a bell that has but one tone, sounding over and over again, 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, except to love God!' Oh! what a happiness it would be for me if before leaving you I could, with God's help, make you see the dawn of a day which is yet hidden from you. This I earnestly desire for you, a thousand

times more than the most brilliant career. Implore God from the depths of your heart, every time you receive Holy Communion, that He will make you understand what it is to live for Him."

A few days later he writes again: "You seem to me like that soul mentioned in *The Imitation,* ever seeking the place destined for it by divine Providence, all unconscious of such a search, and unable to account to itself for such seeking. You have not yet come to the crucial point; with God's help you must find it within yourself. Keep your soul in peace, and your search will not be vain; but to hasten the coming of the happy day, when you will see things in their true light, bear in mind that nothing but God will satisfy you, no matter how you may strive to convince yourself to the contrary."

It was toward the beginning of this second year that our student was admitted to the apostolate of the quarries. He announces this good news to one of his old friends, already a missionary in Siam, with whom during the preceding year he had been on intimate terms, and to whom he frequently wrote. Humility, self-contempt, the burning love of God, form the burden of this correspondence, and one can readily see in each succeeding letter how eagerly he sought after perfection.

"Every time you speak to me of loving Jesus," Just writes, "I feel my heart deeply moved, my desire to

love Him grow stronger. But alas! how fruitless these desires! always the same cowardice, the same ingratitude! I realize that there is but one thing I must ask for for both you and myself—love. '*Quis dabit mihi pennas sicut columbæ, et volabo?*' Father, it will not be more than a year before I am a priest. Can it be possible that Jesus will raise me to the sub-diaconate—I who am so truly vile and contemptible? I can scarcely pray, I am appalled at the thought, I tremble at the responsibilities I take upon my shoulders."

We here note his progress in spiritual things. The year previous his heart was wrung in anticipation of the great sacrifice, the final separation. This troubles him no longer; it is the priesthood, it is fear of his unworthiness for this august office, that now absorb his mind and heart, a fear which, inspired and encouraged by love, continued to increase in his soul. Some weeks before the last ordination, which was to take place close to the time set for his departure, one of the students said to him: "Just, which occupies your thoughts the most now, the ordination or the farewells?" "What a question!" he answered. "I think of the priesthood only; the other never troubles me. My friend, my dear friend, can you realize that I, I am going to say Mass?" And at this his face became radiant with joy.

In another letter to the missionary spoken of above, we find the expression of his increasing love for pov-

erty. "The next time you write to me," he says, "I would like you to tell me, if you deem it advisable, what the poverty of a missionary should be. For my part, I never had any other idea than that of one day embracing a life not only of affective but of effective poverty. If there had been a Religious Order exclusively devoted to the missions, and requiring of its members a vow of poverty, I think that Order would have been my choice. My desire for poverty increases daily. It seems to me that all I read, all I see or hear, whispers to me, 'You should be stripped of everything; keep only what is absolutely necessary for present needs; get rid of everything else.' I am often assured that affective poverty suffices; yet, in the depths of my heart I feel something which urges me to go farther, and everything that I hear to the contrary does not change me. Probably I am talking nonsense in thus expressing an opinion of things I do not understand; but no doubt the missions will teach me to practice poverty more perfectly."

He acknowledged later on that effective poverty is found in the highest degree in the missionary's ordinary life, as we learn from Mme. de Bretenières' notes of a conversation with him during his last year at the Seminary. He says: "The missionary is poorer than any Religious. While the Carthusian knows that tomorrow he will receive his allowance of food as he did to-day, the missionary eating his frugal meal is never

sure of where the next will come from. He is even ignorant of the extent of the privations that threaten him; but withal he must be filled with courage and preserve his peace of soul."

The spirit of recollection kept pace with his love for poverty, and whenever he spoke of God's goodness to him, he always added how weak and frail he was without Him; but such is the language of the saints, their humility knows no other.

"I feel most sensibly, and this feeling grows stronger each day," he says, "that Our Lord demands of me uninterrupted recollection, no matter what my duties. This thought is ever before my mind. In the depths of my heart I remain strongly united to Our Lord, even when engaged in something which interests me and claims my whole attention." A letter which he writes from Corea to one of his brethren, a missionary in Burma, shows us that the humble student had really been faithful to this attraction. We read the following passage: "Do you still remember how God blessed us at the Seminary, and how He inspired us to be recollected and to draw nearer to Him? When I recall that blessed time, my heart burns within me."

Spring arrived at last, and brought the happy news of his call to the sub-diaconate. His soul literally overflows with joy. "For years," he writes, "have I

looked forward to the coming of this day—or, to speak more accurately, I have never desired any other."

On May 30, 1863, he took the final step. His parents were in Paris, but so careful was he to banish all distractions, that he wrote few letters to them; hence we find only a few traces of that fervor which, according to his mother, filled every act both at the beginning and the end of his consecration.

The scholastic year was finished, and the community went to Meudon for vacation. More zealous than ever, and unconscious of the influence he had gained over his brethren, Just devoted a large share of his time to helping them in one way or another. In consequence of this he did not see his parents except at long intervals, and his letters to them became less frequent. In each one, however, he tenderly excuses himself, and tempers the blunt, almost harsh language which he was accustomed to use even to them, and which he deemed necessary for the strengthening of his character.

His brother's vocation had now matured. Under the gentle direction of Mgr. de Ségur, whom he chose as his confessor, his doubts had disappeared and he resolved to enter the Seminary at Issy at the end of vacation. The elder brother encouraged and guided him in this resolution, by counsels and experience which he himself had gathered during the past three years. Knowing that the time leading up to great

sacrifices is one of unrest and trial, he no longer kept before Christian's eyes, as formerly, thoughts of detachment, but whispered gently to him Our Lord's wish to His disciples: "*Pax vobis.*" Peace, peace is the desired refuge of the faithful soul when temptation assails and its own weakness terrifies it. Later on, when Christian will have taken his place among the Levites, Just will know well how to urge him on with his former energy; he will aid his brother's soul in ascending the steep heights of perfection, depriving him sometimes of even the most legitimate pleasure, such as the happiness of often seeing him.

It was peace, too, which he wished his mother; but he does so in plainer language, knowing that she is able to bear it, for while her husband and Christian were traveling, this generous woman, on the eve of giving to God her second and last child, sought the needed strength and consolation in a retreat, whereupon Just congratulates her in the following words:

"Our Lord Himself leads you," he says, "in placing in your hands the exercises of St. Ignatius. There is nothing more to say to you now, except that you must read and act accordingly. Our earthly life is indeed a thorny one, but nevertheless, to set you the example, Our Lord did not hesitate to walk in it. Would you shrink from following Him? Above all, keep your soul in peace; do not be troubled by anything you may be told or anything that may happen. One thing alone

is essential—to love God. And pray unceasingly. I am convinced that it is this which Our Lord especially requires of you. Words are not necessary: it is the heart that prays. Moreover, we must not pray for the sake of the joy we find in prayer; we must love God alone, even when it seems to bring nothing in return. May the peace of Our Lord be ever with you, my very dear mother, and may He grant you the grace to be all His even to your last hour! Farewell, my good mother."

Another time he writes to her: "You must find yourself somewhat lonely; but St. John the Baptist will teach you that the more one is separated from men, yes, even at the moment he believes himself alone, then is he least alone. They only who have not given themselves to God find themselves forsaken when cut off from intercourse with men. For the true Christian the opposite is true. All know this in theory, but very few attempt to know it in practice. Mistrusting the boundless goodness of divine Providence, they fear to rely upon it, and seek support and consolation in creatures.

"Silence in the presence of God is the first condition for entering upon the spiritual life. You are well disposed to advance in this path. If you accustom yourself to habits of self-examination several times a day, you will soon be able to practice this, even when speaking to others, or when engaged in your ordinary duties. And finally, after the example of many saints,

this living ever in God's presence will become habitual to you, and constitute your greatest happiness. Then nothing can trouble you.

"Farewell, my dear mother. I say all this to you, but I can not explain why I do it. Take from it only what impresses you, and is suited to your needs."

The vacations were over, and Just had accompanied his brother to the Seminary at Issy, where both were to enter upon a retreat. Before going into retirement, however, there to taste the delights of union with God, the elder was mindful of the trial that would perhaps come to the younger during these first days of solitude; and he hastened to send him these lines, combining the ardor of an apostle with the tenderness of a mother:

"Do not be astonished, my dear one, at receiving these few words from me. If I write so soon after leaving you, it is only to tell you once more not to be frightened and discouraged during this retreat and your first days at the Seminary. If the devil tries to disturb you by temptations of weariness and of regret for the past, do not be troubled. Do you not wish to do everything for love of God? Offer Him then all your trials—an oblation which will certainly cause His Divine Heart to rejoice. Strive to be happy, no matter what contradictions and vexations assail you.

"And now, my dear one, give yourself entirely to God; let your heart go out to Him—that heart which

He craves so pleadingly. Open it to grace, my dear brother, forget the past. You are now beginning the most beautiful portion of your life, and though I have had little experience, I believe, nevertheless, that you will realize this later.

"Pray also for me, for I have great need of prayer and my only reliance is upon God's mercy."

We would like to give our readers all his subsequent letters to Christian, showing his efforts to make this young disciple a most devoted servant of the Master. The following letter, however, which we quote almost entirely, gives an idea of the impression which he sought to make upon him.

"You must not feel anxious, my dear one, if I do not write to you often, for why should I write so frequently? You may reply, 'You are two years older than I, and you ought to instruct me.' But you have, much nearer to you, One who knocks at your door every hour of the day, and who asks nothing better than to instruct you; who entreats you to listen to Him, and to keep yourself in silence in order to understand Him; for the voice of Jesus can be heard only in the silence of the heart. Alas! both you and I have let years slip by, indeed, the whole of our lives, keeping ourselves far from the good Friend of our souls. But now for you as well as for me that happy hour which our Master has marked out as the end of our estrangement from Him has arrived. And we are

both, I hope, always living in His divine presence, entreating Him to forget our past ingratitude and to let our love henceforth be as great as has been our neglect of Him.

"What then shall we seek after unless the One who urges us to give ourselves unreservedly to Him? And remember that we must make no exceptions nor must we give any creature the least part of our affections, for it is to Our Lord we entirely owe ourselves. All our affections should be for Him and even that which we give to others should be referred to Him. This love for Him, should He grant us the grace to love Him, ought to dominate our every feeling and thought, so that we neither desire nor will anything beside Him. Let us make every effort to obtain this love.

"Our nature is continually drawing us to creatures. Toward some we are attracted in spite of ourselves because of the great love we bear them. It is this that we must guard against, relying upon grace to guide us. It is very easy to know whether the attraction we have for any certain person comes from God or from nature. If we are not the least disturbed by his absence, then our soul is at peace. On the other hand, if we are anxious and troubled, it is a proof that it is the flesh and not the spirit that predominates in our affection.

"Attach yourself then, my dear one, to no one but Our Lord; everything should be a means of going to

Him, and should be used for that end. Should the occasion present itself of conversing with some one about God, as sometimes happens, take advantage of it as a favor which God Himself offers to draw you toward Him, and thank Him for it. If such occasions are wanting, Our Lord will supply in some way. Our duty is to be indifferent to all material things, to desire only what God wishes, to keep ourselves in peace, to labor to become, by God's grace, humble and filled with love for Him."

Some time afterward, in the month of November, 1863, when he had already been called to the diaconate, Just completes in a little note this beautiful lesson of detachment. He writes: "I can not go out next Wednesday, as you desire . . . Moreover, on the eve of an ordination, it would be unbecoming for us to be seen walking through the town without necessity. Upon a little consideration you will think as I do on this point, even if you should not think so now.

"Within the next fortnight I will pay you a visit of about half an hour; this will be sufficient for whatever serious matter we may wish to talk about, and we should not spend too much time in the mere enjoyment of each other's society. I would greatly prefer that you pay a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or make some spiritual reading; this will be far more profitable.

"Would you like to attend the ordination? If so,

I will obtain the necessary permission for you. Do not attach yourself too much to things of this kind, for all such consolations are mere vanity, and it seems to me that you could spend this time more advantageously in silence and prayer."

With his parents, he, of course, was not quite so blunt of speech, yet even in speaking or writing to them he loses no opportunity to prepare them for the great sacrifice, at one time telling them in an off-hand way the news of the missionaries in the extreme East—their adventures, their shipwrecks, their martyrdom, etc., or in leaving them in the parlor for a few minutes to attend to some of his works of charity. Occasionally, in his letters, he cleverly offers them a serious truth in a joking way.

"The few days we have to spend on earth," he writes, "will soon pass; and oh! how joyful will be that meeting in heaven, where we may love one another in Our Lord without disquietude. No doubt, dear father, you will call me a friar preacher again; but if you think that is going to silence me, you are greatly mistaken, for I feel so deeply the importance of these spiritual matters that I can not forego alluding to them. It is a long time since you told me that I was a man of fixed ideas. I admit that I am, and I now add that I have one idea more fixed than all others, namely, that there will soon come a day when you will rejoice at not having made of your two boys gallant cavaliers,

CRUCIFIX IN THE GARDEN OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONS COLLEGE, ABOUT WHICH THE STUDENTS GATHER TO SING THE HYMN OF DEPARTURE.

but good fathers of families. For with all due respect to you, let me say that Christian and I look forward to nothing less than becoming heads of families, but of a kind that does not give one the trouble of housekeeping."

A few days after this, congratulating his father on his feast-day, he writes: "I hope, dear father, that the good St. Edmond will obtain for you what is so necessary for you at present—perfect resignation to all that God asks of you. You will probably say, dear father, that I am ambitious when I tell you that I wish you to become a saint. I do not know how to tell you what is necessary to be a saint; for, as you have justly remarked to me, I have not yet the authority to preach, consequently I lack the grace given to the preacher. I can only lay bare to you my thoughts, asking you to take my words at their own value."

It was with this fervent disposition and this zeal, that Just prepared for his ordination to the diaconate, which took place during the ember days of Advent, in the church of St. Sulpice.

There now remained but six months between him and the great day, and he thought of nothing else. His union with Our Lord became closer, his piety more tender. Even to the favored few whose visits he still consented to receive, his conversations were brief, and with his brethren he spoke but little. His words, always plain and simple, came from his heart and went

straight to the soul of the hearers. When they asked of him counsel or encouragement, he recollected himself a moment before replying: "As if," says one of his fellow-students, "consulting some one whose words he was interpreting." When duties or charity did not call him elsewhere, he was certain to be found before the Blessed Sacrament, where he spent hours at a time, especially during the free days at Meudon. The community of the Seminary of the Missions assembled in the chapel for morning prayer at half-past five o'clock, but he arose at four and a few minutes afterward was in the gallery, where he knelt in rapt devotion for more than an hour and a quarter, before the usual meditation began. Daily he received Holy Communion with an angelic piety, and always heard an extra Mass in thanksgiving. His day, therefore, commenced with more than three hours of mental prayer. During the recital of the breviary in common, his recollection was so marked that one of the missionaries declared that he knew of no better way to enkindle his own devotion than by looking at Just as he knelt in his stall.

A letter which he writes to his brother on Good Friday reveals something of the love which consumed him. He says: "Ah! how beautiful yesterday and to-day, and indeed all these days of Holy Week! How one can plunge himself in the Heart of Jesus, and be immersed therein! One becomes a fanatic, yes, my dear one, a fanatic, in presence of these mysteries of

love, because unmindful of everything except to adore unceasingly. He thus begins his heaven on earth . . . Cultivate love in your heart, my dear one; seek it in solitude; listen not to those who tell you that love belongs to the coming life; no, it is for this also; the true life is a life of love . . . Let love be the principle of all your actions."

Love on earth is often but the companion of sorrow, because here we are in exile; but the real nature of love is to make us happy. Easter had come, and Christian was given the tonsure at the same time that Just received ordination. The older brother, hearing of this double happiness, pours out his heart to the younger. "We must love exceedingly," he writes. "Doubtless, we should ever bear in mind the thought of our past and present wretchedness, to keep us from presumption; but let not this feeling lessen the joy we feel in the wonders which are so soon to be wrought in us. Joy should fill our hearts now, joy should keep them in profound peace, since we are privileged children, and repose in the arms of Jesus, who Himself nourishes, vivifies, sustains, and fills us. Alleluia! Alleluia! The knowledge that we are wretched sinners, and the salutary fear this knowledge inspires, must indeed pale before the rays of that sun which is rising in the East, to enkindle in us the fire of divine love. Act more from love than from fear, act only from love. It is with our eyes fixed ever on the Source

of love that we must advance; and then the years will be nothing, it matters not whether we have spent a long or a short time in the service of God, for the sight of Jesus, so beautiful and so amiable, detaches the heart from all created things, and unites it inseparably to Him, its Saviour.

"However, let us understand that this love does not consist in sentiments. We should make so little account of consolations of this sort as never to be the least troubled when deprived of them. You have doubtless learned this in perusing the life of St. Teresa and also perhaps, from the writings of St. John of the Cross—both of which lives and writings I now recommend to you to read. You love Jesus when nothing can turn you away from Him, when you love nothing except in and for Him, and when you are willing to make every sacrifice for His sake, not only of material things, but also of your mind and heart."

Bound thus closely by the cords of divine love, our young apostle would have hidden himself entirely from creatures; but zeal is the evidence of love, and when it commands, the devoted soul joyfully sacrifices every wish. It was about this time, the spring of 1864, that a new work was offered him, namely, the apostolate among the workmen of a factory at Sèvres. The majority of these being Germans, they were completely cut off from the rest of the people by their language and customs. A few of the older ones among them

had some influence over the others, and had endeavored to keep them faithful to the teachings and practice of our holy Faith. But they needed the help which religion alone could give. Just, who spoke German fluently, made their acquaintance, and learning of their spiritual needs made application to the community of St. Vincent de Paul for a priest. The good work which he then commenced was afterwards continued for several years.

The ordinations were drawing near, and a last trial was necessary to complete in this fervent lover of the cross his resemblance to Jesus crucified. His parents who, when the final parting came, bore it with heroic resignation, were now passing through that period of agony which preceded the great sacrifice, and their souls shrank, anticipating the separation from their loved one. M. de Bretenières, especially, suffered most keenly. Broken down with sorrow, it seemed to him at times that Just had mistaken ideas of duty, had entered upon the wrong path. Torn with anguish he was tempted to look upon his decision as a needless cruelty toward those whom he was sacrificing, and one really unjust to himself. To all the objections of his distracted father, Just opposed that gentle and peaceable firmness which constituted the strength of his soul. But what secret suffering filled his heart! How painful were the interviews with his parents! Truly it was for him the agony preceding his Calvary!

We give this on the authority of his cousin, then a novice at Chaville, of whom he made a confidant. From this same witness we here quote a picture of Just's soul at the time when the sacerdotal unction is about to strengthen the champion for the struggles of the apostolate.

"As to holiness," he says, "Just was not a man of reasoning, of analysis, or of theory . . . His sanctity was real and the gifts he had received from God were of a sterling character. There was in his spirit and heart a principle of sacrifice which he determinedly applied to his daily life, and which gave to it that seal of sanctity which was evident to all who knew him at this time . . . How did one so young reach that degree of grace which belongs only to those servants of God who have spent long years and been well tried in His service? How did he so quickly reach the summit of the spiritual life? I know not: his confessor is the person best fitted to judge of this, but I will say that I believe that he was by nature essentially good, or, to express it differently, he had very few imperfections. Grace had been abundantly bestowed upon him from the beginning, and he never lost his baptismal innocence—all of which wonderfully assisted him in drawing closer to his God. I know that he studied St. John of the Cross a great deal. In fact, he walked in the way traced out in the Canticles, and I believe it was thus he became holy, without any of those reason-

ings and reflections taught by writers on spirituality, and which we, who are so different to him, find so helpful. What I have just said reminds me of an expression of St. Vincent de Paul, who, comprehending Christian perfection in its fullest sense, wrote to a pious soul: 'Oh! how little it takes to be a saint!' I also believe that Just's prayer was one long meditation if not before, at least during the last two years of his life."

This agrees with the opinion of all who were best acquainted with our student at this time, which opinion one of his brethren expressed as follows: "Father de Bretenières is such a grand soul that I hope God will one day allow him to be canonized, even if He should not deign to grant him the crown of martyrdom."

To describe Just's feelings at the approach of ordination we make a last extract from his written correspondence, and also from his brother's recollections.

He writes to Father Rabardelle, a missionary in Siam: "By reason of my diffident disposition, I am forced to live like a hermit; even though I talk with all comers on all kinds of subjects, I do not ever touch upon that which most engrosses my thoughts. And although I feel in the depths of my heart a secret need of another soul to whom I can unbosom myself, I can find none. Nevertheless I am far from complaining of what might be called a spiritual loneliness. It is really a great blessing to have no one but Our Lord

for witness of what passes in one's heart. And how could I complain of anything when in six weeks I shall have the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice? I feel the joy that is pouring in upon me from all sides, but I do not know whether I should yield to it. I should not hesitate to do so were it not for some recollections of my past life, strikingly in contrast to all that now fills my soul! Still, I believe that peace and joy predominate, despite my many interior trials. And soon I shall offer Our Lord in sacrifice! Oh, what folly for me to dream of such a thing, I who am so far from being prepared! Yet, in spite of all this, '*Laus, honor, jubilatio, gloria, deo nostro Jesus!*' Praise Him for me, and in my name, for the abundance of grace which He has bestowed upon me."

The following from his brother relates to the last walk they took together preceding the retreat for ordination: "When at Meudon, Just chose solitary walks in the woods in preference to finding recreation in those little diversions so enjoyed by some of his brethren. He was very fond of retiring to a secluded spot in a thick hedge, which had been pointed out to him by a pious missionary, himself much attached to it. After the latter's departure, Just continued to frequent what he called his hermitage, spending nearly the whole day there, meditating at the foot of a little cross which he had set up. Four days before we entered retreat,

he in preparation for ordination to the priesthood, I to receive the tonsure, he took me to his little solitude. I can not attempt to repeat his conversation, but I will say that it was filled with such extraordinary sweetness, such peace, and at the same time such strength and energy, that I can never forget it. Just's soul lay open before me, revealing alternately the pure, sweet joy inundating the heart of the new priest, and the glowing ambitions of the missionary. This was the last intimate conversation I was ever to have on earth with my brother. After he had given me some excellent counsel in regard to my future ministry, dwelling strongly upon the necessity of absolute detachment, we both fell on our knees before the little cross, and prayed together for the missions, especially for that one to which he would soon be assigned by his superiors."

Before entering upon the retreat for ordination, he begged his brother and his parents not to disturb his recollection by visiting him. His retreat was one continual prayer; he seldom left the chapel or the gallery, where he could be seen on his knees, for hours, absorbed in meditation. What passed between God and his soul at that time we can only surmise.

At last, on May 21, 1864, in the chapel of the Missions, with ten of his brethren, he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Thomine-Dezmazures, Vicar Apostolic of Thibet; Christian at the same time received

the tonsure in the church of St. Sulpice. Their parents assisted at the elder son's ordination, but respecting his wishes, they withdrew after the ceremony without asking to see him, thus leaving the new priest free to spend the entire day in prayer.

On Monday, the feast of the Holy Trinity, he celebrated his first Mass in a chapel of the Seminary, assisted by the venerable pastor of St. Peter's of Châlon, who had baptized him, his brother and his former tutor serving it. His parents and a few friends were present—one of whom exclaimed on retiring: "I have just heard Mass in paradise!"

Just would have preferred remaining alone with God, but after a sufficient length of time for him to make a proper thanksgiving his brother went to him and asked him to give his blessing to the assistants. Answering by a look which seemed a silent reproach, as if to say, "It is good for us to be here," he arose and silently blessed those who were awaiting him. He then retired once more to his dear solitude.

The preparation of the missionary was finished: three years of heroic labor had made of him an apostle; all that remained for him now was to crown the sacrifice.

"We are only pilgrims here on earth. Nothing can satisfy the thirst of the human heart save the never-ending possession of Him who has loved us so much."

CHAPTER V.

THE DEPARTURE.—THE VOYAGE.—SOJOURN IN MANCHURIA.—ARRIVAL IN COREA (1864-1865).

THREE weeks elapsed between the ordination of the new priests and the day on which they were notified of their future destinations. During this time Just seemed to think of nothing but the happiness that was his. He celebrated Mass, sometimes in a little chapel in the Rue du Regard, sometimes in the church of the Missions, where his parents could assist at it. The remainder of the day he spent in acts of thanksgiving. His life was one of almost continual prayer; he rose even in the night to pray. Being in the society of one of his brethren on an occasion of this sort, their happiness so overcame them that suddenly interrupting their prayer they prostrated themselves to recite the *Te Deum*. This incident was related by Father Bon, missionary to Western Tonquin, who knew more than one secret of Just's noble soul.

What henceforth, however, he ceased to keep secret was the ardent desire for martyrdom which had taken possession of his heart. Many of his former brethren have asserted that he never made known this desire before his ordination to the priesthood, his humility

leading him to fear that there was something of pride in aspiring to such a dignity. This assertion, however, is only partly true. In 1862, writing to his former tutor and informing him of the death of a missionary massacred in China for the Faith, Just adds, as if in joyful accents: "So you perceive that martyrdom is not entirely a thing of the past." Again we learn that a certain student had become discouraged and shrank from the vocation of a missionary. Just reassured and cheered him, and in their last interview the young man thanked him warmly for his tender charity. "Will you do something for me?" "With all my heart!" was the answer. "Well, then," replied Just, "when you pray, ask for me the grace of a double martyrdom."

These last words, which we have on excellent authority, seem a positive proof that he aspired to the supreme sacrifice, even before he had reached the priesthood. Up to the time of his ordination the humble student was timid about indulging in such thoughts, but from the day on which he first offered the blood of Jesus Christ this timidity vanished. He could restrain himself no longer. Our Lord Himself had given him this generous impulse, and the divine will was so evident that he did not dream of gainsaying it. Doubtless it was this which occupied him in those long colloquies which he held with the Master he so loved. Never once did he offer the Holy Sacri-

fice without asking the grace of mingling his blood with that of his Saviour. This we know through his own letters to some of his most intimate friends now stationed on various missions—which confidence they have revealed since his death. One of them, Father Dubernard, a missionary in Thibet, wrote thus to Mme. de Bretenières:

"We often spoke of martyrdom, but this dear soul deemed itself unworthy of asking this grace. 'I am not of the wood of which martyrs are made,' he would say; 'martyrdom requires innocence in its victims, and you know what I am.' But scarcely had he descended from the altar for the first time than his language changed. 'Ask for martyrdom,' he writes to me; 'it is God's will that we implore this favor. Do we not daily address to Him the prayer to let us form part of the company of the holy apostles and martyrs?'"

The day at last arrived when our priests were to become missionaries. The Society of Foreign Missions is a congregation whose members are not bound by vows; each one is free to leave, but should he remain, he must forever practice religious obedience. Hence, up to the last moment, the priest is in complete ignorance of the field of labor to which he is assigned, this being decided by the council of directors after deliberation, a study of the respective needs of each mission, and the qualifications of the man they would send to it.

On this point Just was perfectly indifferent. Having once and entirely renounced his will he would not make half sacrifices. When told of his destination, he manifested great joy, which several of his brethren attributed to the fact that this mission was a particularly perilous one, but when questioned by one of his most intimate friends he declared that he really had no preferences, and that he rejoiced when told of his destination because this knowledge was to him the expression of God's will.

At the end of a conversation with the Father Superior on June 13, the latter said in a joking manner: "Suppose I tell you now your mission field?" "I am ready, Father," replied Just. "Where would you prefer being sent?" "I have no choice." "Well, then, I will send you to Thibet." "Very well, Father." "No, you shall go to Tonquin." "Excellent." "I mean to send you to China." "Just as you please." "Now, let us be serious," said Father Albrand, suddenly, his countenance changing. "Ah! if you are in earnest, Father, that is another thing," said the young man, falling on his knees; "let me listen to your words as to God's commands." "You are going to Corea." "It is what I should have chosen," modestly replied Just, and then immediately withdrew.

It was now indeed that the new missionary's joy burst forth. He says: "I believe that Our Lord has given me the better part; for just now this is one of

our best, if not indeed the very best of our missions—one of those where it is easiest to spend one's self for Jesus' sake. Corea forever, land of martyrs! True, at present there is no open persecution there, but sweat replaces blood. There is so much work that one is worn out by it."

Here was the secret of his happiness, but he did not rejoice alone. Three of his brethren, Fathers Beaulieu, Dorie, and Huin were appointed to the same mission and they, like himself, were destined to receive the crown of martyrdom. One of them, Father Dorie, was not told at first the country to which he was going, but merely that he would be with Just. His joy at this news was so great that he went about the house saying to all whom he met, "What happiness for me! I am to accompany Father de Bretenières!"

After returning thanks to God, Just began immediately to learn something of his mission, studying everything relating to Corea, and making all preparations for his departure. For the latter, however, he did not make the provision he could easily have done from the means which his parents would gladly have given him. On the contrary, never did his spirit of poverty and love of detachment shine forth more clearly than now; and of this we will soon give some touching proofs. Unselfishly he charged himself with providing for his companions' wants as well as his own, procuring all the articles that were strictly necessary for a traveler,

and would be useful likewise for the missionary. He asked his mother to look upon his three companions as her three sons, knowing that their families were poor and unable to assist them in a pecuniary way. Said one of them, "He put all in common between us, even his mother's purse." The four "Coreans," as they were called, were one in heart and soul, and had promised one another to accept only what could be shared by all four, with the exception of money, which they despised.

Once the poor mother thought she had succeeded in making her son accept a keepsake. Possessing a relic of the true Cross, she offered it to Just. It was indeed a tempting possession to one so pious, and he was apparently overjoyed with such a treasure; he accepted the relic and had it transferred to a new reliquary to guard its authenticity. The delighted mother, going to Issy to see her second son, acquainted him with the good news.

"Ah!" said Christian, "either I do not know my brother, or your gift will soon be returned to you."

His words came true. On her next visit to the Rue du Bac, Just hastened to her at the first summons, holding the relic in his hand. "Dearest mother," said he, "I beg you to take this back; I wish to possess nothing of my own."

To many people such detachment would indicate a lack of feeling, a too severe austerity, if you will. They

who think so know not what is exacted of His chosen ones by Him who desires to be their only treasure, and our holy missionary's mother was lofty enough of soul to comprehend this exalted lesson. Far from finding in her memoirs, from which we borrow this anecdote, the least complaint of Just's conduct here, we learn that from the day he knew of his appointment to Corea he changed in his manner toward his parents, and gladly gave them all the time at his disposal. He had them assist at his Masses, he saw them frequently, he charged them with most of his preparations for departure, wishing in this way to distract them from their grief. He even allowed himself to be photographed, a thing he had heretofore always refused to do, and gave these photographs, with his autograph, to some of his friends. He stayed a whole day with them at their apartments in Paris, a precious but a painful day indeed, despite his efforts to make it otherwise; on another occasion he took his brother to Meudon to spend an entire holiday with him. But though making himself so accessible to his dear parents, he was equally anxious to avoid all other visitors, and even begged his father and his brother to keep them away.

"If you only knew," he would say, "the great need one has of living with God at such a time as this!" Finally, during the week preceding the departure, feeling himself drawn to deeper recollection, he requested

his parents also not to visit him during those few days' retreat.

"God will reward you a thousandfold," he writes to his mother, "for the sacrifice you make in thus allowing me to remain in solitude, as far as possible under the circumstances to prepare myself for my departure." Such is the spirit of the saints; exterior actions are of little account in their eyes; it is the interior they value. To go to the ends of the earth does not occupy or distract their thoughts; to them the one essential thing is to watch ever over their hearts, that they may keep the first place for God and for Him alone.

July 15 had come—the day fixed upon for the leave-taking. M. and Mme. de Bretenières went that morning to assist at the Mass for the community celebrated by Just in the Seminary chapel. In appointing him to say this Mass, the venerable Superior had thus responded to a secret desire of many of Just's fellow-students, who longed to receive Communion from his hand at the moment of separation. We borrow M. de Bretenières' account of the last parting, expressed in language unsurpassed for simplicity and pathos.

"We went to the Rue du Bac at six o'clock in the morning," he says, "there to receive from the hands of our child that divine Food which alone could give us strength to sustain the last farewells. Oh! how shall I speak of the emotions that filled our very souls! And yet in offering my son as a sacrifice I have always

AT DIJON.—THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BENIGNE, IN WHICH WAS PRONOUNCED THE FUNERAL ORATION OF THE YOUNG MARTYR.

tried to soften my grief with the thought that Providence may some day bring him back to us to close our eyes.

"After Mass we went to the parlor, where Just soon joined us. The conversation was not long. We were standing like travelers who, meeting one another on the road, were merely exchanging a few greetings before parting. We had restrained our emotions up to this, but the least word would have overcome us. We knelt to receive his last blessing and then, pressing him to my heart, I tore myself from his arms. Thanks be to God! Our parting had been as that of Christians should be—without violent outbursts—without tears."

Mme. de Bretenières, in her notes, recurs to her husband's account and adds only these words:

"Day of sad, sad remembrance! That other day on which they told me of his martyrdom and his entrance into eternal happiness, was certainly less painful."

The ceremony attendant upon the departure of the missionaries took place in the evening, and Just, dreading the effect upon his parents, his father especially, gently and respectfully counselled them not only not to come to the ceremony, but not to accompany him to the depot. They came, however, but took a place in the gallery, and did not approach their son.

A few minutes before the ceremony, a friend from Dijon went to Just's cell to see him, and found the

missionary very calm. "Pray for me," said Just, "yes, pray; pray that I may obtain what I desire." This desire was undoubtedly martyrdom.

At four o'clock the community assembled in the garden at the foot of the statue of Our Lady, Queen of martyrs. Here the students and the missionaries sang the litanies and the hymn of departure which Gounod had composed for the occasion. Just's countenance, very pale a moment before, now grew radiant with color, his brightening eyes and his clear, ringing voice attracting the attention of the spectators, many of whom remarked his expression of heavenly joy.

The missionaries that were to leave were ten in number. Entering the church, they ranged themselves, standing, on the altar steps, while the choir chanted this verse of the psalm: "How beautiful are the feet of them who bear good tidings, the evangel of peace!" At the same time all the students, and the men in the aisle, came forward to kneel before them, kiss their feet, and rising, embrace them.

Just stood on the epistle side; his carriage was firm and erect, his arms were crossed, his eyes were raised to heaven with an expression of angelic peace. Writes a person who was present: "On his radiant face could be read rather the joy of one returning home than grief at forever departing." To each of his friends, on embracing him, he said a few tender words and asked their prayers. When Christian had kissed his

brother's feet, Just raised him up and pressed him to his heart, saying with a smile as he did so, "Courage, courage! Often recall my words, 'Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament! Jesus forever!'" and Christian adds in his memoirs, "I knew that at this moment my father and my mother were making the sacrifice of their son to God, and reciting aloud the *Te Deum*. It was the triumph of grace over nature. The ceremony was at an end, the crowd had dispersed. In passing through the Seminary again, I once more caught sight of Just, surrounded by a number of students. I extended my hand to him; he pressed it, saying 'Good-by; it is over,' with a look that seemed to tell me that heaven would be our next meeting-place."

Let us listen for a last time to our martyr's father.

"We descended from the gallery where we made the final sacrifice. The carriage, which was to take the missionaries to the station was in the yard. Some few persons remained, desirous of participating in all the tender memories of this day. Should we remain also? We hesitated; the mother would have remained, but the father thought it wiser to quietly withdraw. We returned to our house in silence, absorbed in our own thoughts."

Love of poverty marked the missionaries' last moments at the Seminary. Immediately before starting, Just found two coppers in a drawer. He gave them to one of his brethren. Father Dorie found five cents

in his pocket. He gave them to the poor. "What happiness!" exclaimed Just, as he joyfully entered the carriage; "for more than twenty years I have longed to be poor and now at last I am really so."

We are indebted to an excellent priest who had known him since his birth for some details of the first part of the journey—that from Paris to Marseilles. The Abbé Pataille, then pastor of a parish church in the diocese of Dijon, feeling called to a stricter life, was about to enter the Grande Chartreuse for the purpose of deciding his vocation. Having learned the date of the missionaries' departure, he started on his journey eight days in advance, in order to join them at Beaune. He accompanied them as far as Lyons, spending the time in conversation with Just, who could not conceal his astonishment that any one should put himself to inconvenience to see him. At the Perrache station, in Lyons, just at the parting moment, Father Pataille confided to the missionary the reason why he was going to the Grande Chartreuse. The signal for departure suddenly put an end to the conversation, and the worthy pastor withdrew, with his face buried in his handkerchief to conceal his tears. He took his way to Fourvières, and there the recollection of the calm heroism which he had just witnessed settled his last doubts. He, too, like Just, offered himself in sacrifice; an unbloody sacrifice, true, but nevertheless one hard for human nature—the martyrdom of all his days.

Under the name of Didier he edified the Chartreuse, and when the hour for making his perpetual vows arrived he too felt the bitterness of sacrifice give way to the peace and joy which are here a foretaste of the eternal reward. This transformation was wrought during the first week of March, 1866, and the day which saw the end of his trial was the day on which his young friend won an immortal crown.

The missionaries passed three days at Marseilles; pious pilgrimages to Notre Dame de la Garde, walks on the lonely rocks bordering the coast, "where one can silently meditate," writes Just; an excursion on the sea made in such stormy weather and with an absence of fear that astonished even the captain of the vessel—this was the manner in which our travelers passed their time while waiting for the ship to sail. At last on July 19, at three o'clock, the Saïd got under way and commenced the journey which would separate these young men forever from all that they loved best on earth.

The sky was clear, but the wind blew a gale, making the voyage far from pleasant for a few days. However, on the morning of July 20, notwithstanding the rolling of the ship, one of them said Mass, one of his companions holding the chalice and two others the candles. Three times a day the missionaries assembled to sing canticles and hymns. Among the acquaintances they made were two young Protestants, mission-

aries on their way to Canton. "Poor ministers!" writes Just to his parents; "they draw near to us when we sing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin; they watch us when we recite our Office. I see them promenading the deck while we gather together to talk of our hopes and our missions. This picture reminds me forcibly of the Catholic Church (here represented by ourselves) calm and united, and the Protestant sects, swayed by every wind of doctrine, as says St. Paul in speaking of the errors of his time. We asked them concerning their work at Quang Tong—what establishments they had founded there, and what progress Anglicanism had made. They could give us no information on the subject."

The vessel touched at Messina; thence they took passage for Alexandria. The Suez canal was not yet opened, and it was necessary, therefore, to cross Egypt by rail, and to take steamer a third time at the other extremity of the Isthmus. The trains from Alexandria to Cairo bear little resemblance to the luxuriously appointed cars which to-day are used to carry a pleasure seeking public to the different fashionable resorts. Crowded into cars which afforded small protection, scorched by the July sun and the glare of it upon the desert sands, devoured by mosquitoes—it was thus our missionaries were introduced to the trials of the life they would henceforth lead. But their light-hearted gayety remained with them and the buoyancy of youth,

helped by their piety, suggested to them a picturesque excursion which would make an interesting memento of their stay at Cairo. Here they were to pass but twenty-four hours. The day was spent in a ride on donkey-back to the grand mosque of Cairo, and many were the falls of first one and then another of our travelers during the ride. It might well be supposed that the coming night would be devoted to a much needed rest; but Just thought otherwise, and when he disclosed his plans, seven of his nine companions agreed to join him. We quote, from a letter written at Suez, his own account of the expedition which he conducted:

"I had read in the travels of Bishop Guillemin that on his arrival at Cairo he went three miles from the city, to an old tree which, according to all the traditions of the country, was the one that sheltered the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph in their flight into Egypt with the Infant Jesus.

"The problem to solve was this: our supper would not be finished until ten o'clock, and our Mass commenced at four o'clock next morning. How, in the meantime, to contrive to travel three miles (or rather six miles, going and returning) through an unknown country, guided by Arabs probably no better than those that might waylay us on the road. Mentioning it to our hotel-keeper's son, a young man about twenty years of age, he expressed a wish to be one of the

party, at which I was much pleased, as he spoke Arabic, and could thus be very useful to us in communicating with our guides. Another addition to our party, making it ten in number, was a young Indian physician who had been educated in our college in Pondicherry, and who was now traveling with us, and we accepted his offer. Just as the hour of ten was striking, mounting our animals fresh for the journey, we started off at a gallop, preceded by two young Arabs carrying lanterns, and followed by three or four others whose business was to urge on those that lagged behind. Scarcely had we got outside the walls of the city, when from the depths of ten vigorous chests arose the notes of '*Ave Maris Stella*,' followed by the psalm, '*In exitu Israel de Egypto*,' the whole in a decided tremolo, by reason of our being well shaken by the motion of the animals. It would be impossible to tell you all the turns and roundabout ways we had to take, through the cemeteries, villages, and plantations that lay between us and our destination. The narrow defiles were many, and although there was room for but one at a time to pass, our donkeys were bent on disputing the passage with one another, two or three often darting forward together. On our way we had but three or four falls from our beasts, and these so trifling as to be scarce worth mentioning. Our donkeys trotted and galloped along so well that in an hour and three-quarters we had cleared the distance

between Cairo and our place of pilgrimage. We found here a number of Arabs sitting up watching, and dogs even more numerous keeping them company. I have neglected telling you of the dogs of Cairo, that live in the streets day and night, and act as public scavengers. As we left the city their yelps were heard in a most formidable chorus. As we approached the Virgin's tree our ears were greeted again in the same manner. Before entering the garden in which this tree stands we dismounted. The Arabs preceded us with torches, and surrounding the trunk of this venerable sycamore which had stood for centuries, we once again sang the '*Ave Maris Stella*,' and murmured some invocations. The Arabs were mute with astonishment. While we were singing, one of them climbed the tree and broke off a large branch which he handed us. Each of our party plucked a few flowers and gathered a few seeds from it; and then we started for Cairo, but at even a more lively gait than we had come. It was midnight. The bright moon revealed the beauty of these magnificent gardens, in which we beheld palm-trees, bananas, and especially jasmine and sweet-scented plants filling the air with their perfume.

"Our return was marked by numerous falls. Let me state at the beginning that I was not of the number of the unfortunate ones. One of the donkeys having attempted to jump over a torrent, missed his footing and rolled to the bottom, his rider being thrown on

the opposite bank. The donkey was apparently dead. Dismounting, I approached him and pulled him by the tail. He never budged. Finally we left him, but the moment he found he was out of danger, he started up and began to run. Both rider and beast had been only frightened, not hurt; they rejoined the band, and thus trotting, galloping, we reached our hotel about two o'clock in the morning. We were to rise at half-past three to celebrate our Masses, and I alone had the courage to lie down. I slept an hour and a half, and at the appointed hour in the morning I was in the chapel of the Franciscans. At half-past seven we took the Suez railway, that miserable road which moves at a snail's pace, and can be made to stop anywhere for a sum of about eighteen cents. This evening we are in Suez, where I end this letter. We dined in the grand hotel, near the pier, to the sound of an abominable orchestra, which did its best, I suppose, and thought we were charmed. For me these are the farewells to the civilization which we now leave behind us."

The travelers were going to find civilization again on the *Cambodia,* a large steamer of the Imperial Transportation Company, on which they embarked at Suez on July 26. All the comforts of life they might have enjoyed on this vast ship were absent, due to the torrid heat of the Red Sea, and Just congratulates himself on this in a letter to his parents.

"It is the very thing needed," he writes, "to prevent our becoming enervated by the easy, luxurious life one usually leads on shipboard."

Barring the heat, the passage of the Red Sea was a pleasant one. The *Cambodia* touched at Aden, and soon entered the Indian Ocean, where it ran into a tempest which lasted forty-eight hours. Long afterwards it was learned from Just's companions how terribly he had suffered during the storm; he says nothing of this in his letters to his parents, but merely describes the experience. The only thing evident is that he was especially solicitous about the others. His letters written on board the vessel are full of anecdotes, and one can plainly see that he was thus endeavoring to keep his parents from dwelling on the mournful subject of his separation from them. These details, written in a simple, natural style, make pleasant reading, and we should reproduce them here did not frequent communication with the Far East, at the present day, make what he describes familiar to all. What we particularly remark in his correspondence is the tenderness with which it is filled. There was no longer need for him to encourage his parents to meet the coming sacrifice; the sacrifice had been made, and he now felt it a duty to sweeten the bitterness of the cup. It is easily seen that in doing this he follows the promptings of his heart; and if at other times his

manner seemed lacking in feeling, it was because of the great interior struggle of his own soul.

Aden, Ceylon, Singapore, Saïgon were the ports at which the *Cambodia* touched before reaching Hong Kong. At Pointe de Galle (Ceylon), the missionaries landed and took a little rest. A tempest was raging in the harbor, and it was dangerous to land, so that the majority of the passengers stayed on board. But ample compensation awaited the bold missionaries who took the risk. On going ashore, they found a Catholic mission and a church in charge of a Benedictine Father. What joy for them to be able to celebrate Mass, to assist even at the liturgical office, to sing and pray before the Blessed Sacrament! A few lines from Just to his parents show the care with which he watched over his soul. "I longed," he writes to them, "to pray for you especially, and to reanimate within me the spirit of piety which had been weakened by the bad weather we had experienced and the absence of religious exercises."

At Ceylon the last leavetakings of the missionaries began, two of them going on board another ship bound for Pondicherry.

At Singapore there was a new separation, Father Groussoux leaving for Siam. As the *Cambodia* entered the Saïgon River, a voice was heard from an Annamite boat going in the opposite direction. "Is Father Guerrin on board?" Our missionaries rushed

CHRISTIAN AND JUST DE BRETENIÈRES.

to the deck just in time to recognize two of their old confrères from Paris, whom they had expected to find at Saïgon, but whom the storm had delayed. After an interchange of messages, letters, and fraternal greetings, the two vessels passed on and were soon lost to each other. At the thought of this new disappointment in Saïgon, the hearts of our missionaries sank within them, but the *fiat* was soon pronounced, as they remembered that the apostolate is one long trial.

All their brethren, however, had not left Saïgon. It is an important mission, the seat of an Apostolic Vicariate, and contain a church, a college, and an orphanage of the Holy Childhood, where a large number of little Annamites were cared for by the Sisters of St. Paul. Father Le Mée was there, who for a long time was secretary to Cardinal Morlot, Paris, and who after the Archbishop's death exchanged the brilliant prospects awaiting him in France for the obscure and laborious life of the foreign missions; calm and happy in his Annamite costume, he was already familiar with the language, and used to the customs of these strange lands. Just, who had known him at the Seminary, accepted his hospitality, and the two enjoyed a holy and delightful interchange of thought and feeling. But on the missions as on campaigns, "friends embrace while running," and that same evening the *Cambodia* sailed, for it was necessary to reach the next port the following day. In the middle of the night,

which was a very dark one, there was an accident which brought out in full relief the sterling character of the Catholic captain. As the beautiful steamer swept along, cries were suddenly heard, and a number of objects could be seen floating on the surface of the dark waters. They were the passengers of an Annamite junk, which, carrying no lights, had been run down by the giant, which did not feel even the slightest shock. The engines were immediately reversed, but the momentum of the boat was so great that it was carried far away, leaving the poor Annamites struggling in its wake. The captain, being awakened, gave orders to have the boat lowered and sent to their rescue. "It is useless," the officers said, "we are too far away, the night is too dark; and after all what difference will a few Annamites, more or less, make in the world?" The captain's reply was worthy of him. "I shall at least spare no effort to save them. I do not wish to have their death on my conscience." The ship's boat started for the spot, guided by the faint cries of the unfortunate creatures in the water, and after an hour returned, bringing the eight people who had been on board the smaller vessel, safe and sound, but completely exhausted from their fight for life. A missionary acquainted with their language served as interpreter; and at their request the captain had them taken in the ship's boat to a junk which they descried in the distance. The *Cambodia* continued its course,

and on August 28, at sunrise, entered the port of Hong Kong, after a voyage from Marseilles of forty days.

The following morning a little American steamer took our "Coreans" up the Hong Kong River to Canton, where they went ashore with Father Guerrin and visited Mgr. Guillemin.

Just's letters contain a picturesque account of these trips to Hong Kong and Canton. The baggage intended for these ports and also for Corea was landed on the wharf. At Hong Kong a clamoring crowd of coolies surrounded them, disputing among themselves for the packages and demanding exorbitant prices for their transportation. The missionaries were at last obliged to resort to the only argument which these people can understand, namely, the stick. When one has the heart of an apostle, he does not strike very hard, however, and Just and his companions took pains to hit the boxes so as to make a great noise. They would have remained in their predicament but for the assistance of a police agent, who, armed with a long whip, which he freely used, succeeded in dispersing the crowd; then designating the coolies that were to take charge of the boxes, and driving them on with the lash, he conducted the porters and their baggage as far as the mission house. At Canton there was the same scene on the wharf, but this time no officer came to their aid. Experience served them instead, however, and they arrived at last with their loads at the

house of Mgr. Guillemin, Vicar Apostolic of Canton. "A poor episcopal place indeed!" writes Just. "Merely some hovels in a line on either side of an alley, about six and a half feet wide! What a bishop and a father! As I came into his presence, I threw myself on my knees before him, and asked his blessing."

Canton had been for our missionaries the end of an excursion; Hong Kong, to which place they soon returned, was also only a halting-place on the journey, whence some of them were to leave for Tonquin, and the others for Corea. How much of the unknown still stood between and the scene of their labors!

Just and the other "Coreans" had intended spending only a few days at Hong Kong, but in the letters there awaiting them they found new instructions. They were to stop at this port a month to avoid remaining in Shanghai, which is very unhealthy in September. From there they were to go by sea to the mouth of the Leao Ho River, and thence by land in a southeasterly direction into the province of Leao Tong in Manchuria. It was here, in the vicariate of Mgr. Verrolles, that they were to spend the winter, and in the spring make an attempt to enter Corea.

He writes to his parents about this new itinerary, and we find the tone of his correspondence changed. On board the *Cambodia* he was a traveler, giving a witty account of his passage: now, having left civiliza-

tion behind, he becomes the missionary led by the hand of God. He writes: "Since it seems to be the will of the good God that we still continue our wanderings for a long time before reaching the promised land, may that will be done! Never have we been happier or more joyful than we are at present. And do you also, dear parents, be resigned, placing everything in the hands of God. We are only pilgrims here on earth. Our country on high is very beautiful, and nothing can satisfy the thirst of the human heart, small as it is, save the never ending possession of Him who has loved us so much. I have been told that I was foolish to think of going to Corea; but it is a folly that costs little, and is most agreeable to the heart of a holy missionary, such a heart as I wish mine were, and such as I hope it may one day be, through the grace of God."

The letter then gives some details of the latter portion of his journey, and finishes thus: "Do not expect to hear from me soon. After we leave here, communication will be more difficult. Converse with Our Lord, who loves you, and who can certainly take the place of every one else in your hearts. Farewell, dear father and dear mother; serve God with all your strength and beg that I, too, may serve Him. Pardon me all the trouble that I have ever given you, likewise this lengthy letter, which I write you only because I believe it will give you pleasure.

"Dear Christian, where are you now and what are

you doing? I know not, but I think of you very often in Our Lord. You know that there is no necessity for my writing to you: the essential thing is that we love Jesus with all the ardor of our souls. Farewell to all, and may Our Lord Jesus Christ give you His peace and His joy!"

In the latter part of September they took passage on a small French steamer, and after twenty-two days at sea, filled with many trying experiences, they reached a little seaport town in Manchuria, and two days later arrived at the house of Bishop Verrolles.

It was an acceptable rest indeed for our poor weary travelers to remain with this saintly prelate, and with deep regret he sent them, after a two weeks' rest, to their respective stations. Just was assigned to Notre Dame du Soleil, the home of Father Métayer, who had welcomed the party on its arrival in port.

Now commenced for Just and his companions a new experience of missionary life. They were to spend the winter in these barren regions, the climate of which is like that of Siberia, and devote themselves to the study of the Chinese language, which is used in Corea almost as much as the native tongue.

His letters to his parents during this period show the manner of life he led. He spent nearly all his time at the house of Father Métayer absorbed in the study of Chinese. Always interested in every kind of study, he closely applied himself to this new task, so neces-

sary for his work. In a letter to his dear friend, Father Rabardelle, missionary at Siam, he expresses the fear, however, that he was taking too great pleasure in it. He certainly must have been a saint to reproach himself for such a trifle. From time to time he visited Mgr. Verrolles, or some one of his brethren scattered about over this icy region, where for five months of the year the thermometer registers 30 or 35 degrees below zero. On certain occasions he wore the queer costume of the country, a necessity in this rigorous climate—a layer of fur garments over a sheepskin, which gave him a grotesque appearance. Accompanying the description he sent his parents of this costume is a picture of it sketched and colored by one of his brethren.

In midwinter he was deprived of his companion by Mgr. Verrolles taking Father Métayer with him to Pekin in the interest of the mission. Just was thus left alone in his cold hermitage, and obliged to use for the ministry with which he was charged the knowledge he had acquired of the Chinese language. What progress he had made in it his modesty leaves us to conjecture; we judge, however, that this progress has been rapid, for three months after his arrival he had advanced sufficiently to give instructions to the native Christians, and to perform, with the aid of a book, the essential functions of the priesthood.

In thus being left alone, he is happy at feeling that

he is in the hands of Providence, stripped of all human assistance, having no companion save God, that God who rejoiced his youth, and for whom he had sacrificed everything. It is not in the letters he writes to his father and mother that we may expect to find the account of his long conferences, during these winter evenings, with the divine Master. If his letters to Father Rabardelle permit us to enter more into his (Just's) spiritual life, we will see again with what severity he judges, with what zeal he humbles himself.

"I am anxious," he writes, "neither about the future nor the past; I am like the horse which is guided by the bridle, that does not seek to know whither he is driven. And if sometimes, although rarely, too rarely, perhaps, I feel a little troubled and anxious, it is only when thoughts like these present themselves: How is it that, after receiving such great graces from God I still remain so spiritually weak, so sluggish, so lacking in fervor in prayer, so occupied with earth, so far from God, and withal so at peace? Is not this truly an enigma? But the will of God be done. These moments of fear do not last long; for right or wrong, I seek to dwell rather upon the thought of the immensity of God's goodness and love."

The country was at the time overrun with brigands, and Just was obliged to arm himself. Twice these marauders paid him a visit by night. On the first occasion he was not aware of their visit until he dis-

covered traces of it the next morning, but on the second matters were more serious. "Guns were fired," he writes, "but I pray you to believe it was not by me." A little reflection upon these words shows that it was by combining courage with the gentleness of the apostle, in exposing himself to his assailants' fire without returning it, that he succeeded in overcoming them.

While preparing to enter his dear Corea, he took an active interest in other missions, in the mission of Manchuria in which he was the guest, and which offered so little consolation to Mgr. Verrolles' patient and persevering zeal; in those of Thibet and Tonquin, already watered with so much blood, and now passing through a fresh trial, news of which moved him to give vent to his feelings in a letter to Father Albrand: "It is very hard for the missions, but very consoling for the missionaries, as it gives them a glimmering hope of martyrdom. When I think of this I am on the point of complaining to Our Lord for not calling me to receive so great a grace. I am, indeed, far from being worthy of it, but have there not been martyrs who were once great sinners?"

Recent news from Corea told of an uprising which had occurred, and which had given promise of better days to come for the Christian communities. On the eve of going there, Just looked with an envious eye on those of his brethren who, he believed, were more

exposed to martyrdom than he would be, and yet at that very time, none was nearer the crown than he.

We borrow from this same letter to the Superior of the Foreign Missions a final quotation which helps to show the perfect detachment of our young apostle before he entered upon his field of labor. "Permit me to remind you," it says, "that on leaving Paris I placed entirely at your disposal the money which at times will be sent you for me. If some of my brethren, or even some of their missions, can put it to a better use than I, give it to them. I leave the disposition of it entirely to your judgment."

Winter was at an end; the breaking up of the ice opened the rivers and harbors, and the time had now come when our "Coreans" must make an attempt to enter the country. Access to Corea had been always very difficult for Europeans, not alone because of hatred of the Christians, but because the Corean Government mistrusted all foreigners—even the Chinese, while the Draconian laws prohibited the natives from trading with outsiders. Our missionaries were obliged to take passage on a Chinese junk, and to pick up a Corean vessel at some point on the coast. One had been engaged to meet them nearly a year previously, but a thousand events could have occurred in the meantime to frustrate their design; in that case a new attempt was to be made at the end of July, and if it failed, all further efforts to enter the country were to

be abandoned until the following spring. Moreover, it was necessary that the young priests should board the Corean vessel secretly, for were they discovered all would be lost. This same year two Corean vessels, although carrying no Europeans, were suspected of communication with China, were seized in the Seoul River, and all on board beheaded without even the formality of a trial.

Just now touches upon the most solemn hour of his life. Filled with courage and determination, he was going to force his way into that country where a long and useful career awaited him, or the short, straight road to martyrdom. This explains the firm, unwavering tone of his correspondence. When the cords of the will are attuned to heroic impulses their notes are strong and resonant. His desire, moreover, was to see those whom he loved raised like himself above the weaknesses of human nature, and on April 2 he thus writes to his parents: "If the good God favor our attempt to enter Corea, this letter will be the last you may expect to receive from me for a year. I regret your having to suffer this little privation, but in a way I do not regret it, for it is a privation carrying with it the grace of God. The road leading to heaven is sown with thorns, and the more our feet are torn by them the better will it be for us. Let us pray God to make us understand that one hour of suffering here is far more precious than a whole year of delights. We

never dream of complaining; on the contrary, in the joy of our hearts, we render thanks to God for the blessings He showers upon us every moment."

On April 24 he left his residence at Notre Dame du Soleil in company with Father Dorie, who had come to join him, the two going with Father Beaulieu to his winter station, distant about a day's journey, where they found Father Huin. On April 26 all four reached Notre Dame des Neiges, to make their final preparations.

May 1, putting themselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, they started for the port of Tsouang Ho, and next day they engaged passage in a little junk, manned by Chinese infidels, but withal good, reliable men. The sea being too rough to set sail immediately, they did not leave port until May 3. A strong wind bore them rapidly to the shores of Corea, but on the morning of the 5th, when land was in sight, the wind suddenly changed and they were forced to seek shelter under the lee of a little island called Kio Tao, fifteen miles to the north of Melinto. The raging tempest kept them here for eight days, in constant fear lest they be dashed upon the rocks. Meanwhile their provisions gave out, and not having a sufficient supply for so long a voyage, they attempted to land, but the natives of the island repulsed them. One night, especially, the storm was terrific, and the junk almost

foundered at its anchorage. The sufferings of all on board were indescribable.

Despite the peril from wind and wave, the missionaries felt that they must make an attempt to keep their appointment with the Corean vessel, and accordingly forced the Chinese to put to sea again; but the latter soon losing courage the priests were obliged to take charge of the vessel. A whole day's sailing against adverse winds and amid a thousand dangers availed them nothing, and they were fortunate in the evening to be able to regain the shelter they had left that morning. Next day the sea was still rough, but the wind had changed, and again the missionaries compelled their men to put out to sea in a pouring rain. After a series of adventures they reached Melinto, at which place they were to meet the Corean vessel.

But there a new trial awaited them. The Corean bark which they hoped to find awaiting them was nowhere to be found. It had been seized and confiscated by the mandarins. Bishop Berneux, Vicar Apostolic of Corea, learning this at the last moment, immediately set about finding another and succeeded, but the substitute was in such a condition that he deemed it a duty to tell the Christians who were to man it that they were free to attempt or to abandon the undertaking as they wished. On the night of May 18 or 19 they reached Melinto. "Toward eleven o'clock," writes Just, "the sea being calm and smooth as a

mirror, we heard a bark noiselessly approaching us, and the name of our Bishop pronounced by those on board; we understood immediately that they were the brave Christians who had exposed their lives to come for us."

For six days the missionaries had been foiled in their attempts. Only twenty-four hours more, and the expiration of the appointed time, as well as want of provisions, would have forced them to return again to Leao Tong.

The transfer of the baggage was soon made. Two hastily written notes, one to Mgr. Verrolles in Manchuria, and one to Father Albrand, announcing the ending of the voyage, were entrusted to the Chinese sailors; and toward night the missionaries went aboard the Corean vessel. They were not yet, however, at the end of their trials.

Sixty miles separated them from the spot at which they were to land. Contrary winds and the dangerous currents sweeping between the numberless islands which surrounded Corea, rendered navigation slow and difficult. After five days' efforts they reached the appointed landing-place, but the Christians guiding them having learned the terrible fate, only a few days before, of the crew of the two vessels suspected by the mandarin of communicating with the Chinese, deemed it more prudent, instead of going up the river, to slip

quietly along the shore, and land forty miles to the south. At last, on May 27, after a sail of four more days, our poor, weary travelers set foot on the soil of their new country, and while repairing to a new Christian settlement, they chanted in their hearts a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving.

"Everybody in Corea," writes Just, "pagan as well as Christian, knew that four new missionaries were to arrive shortly." They were not expected, however, to come here, but it was a joyful surprise, and the welcome these poor people gave them was a most cordial one. Mgr. Daveluy, coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic, resided about two miles away, and he hastened next morning to receive the missionaries. Without loss of time he sent Just to the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Berneux, and took with him that night Fathers Dorie, Beaulieu, and Huin, to accompany them to a more distant Christian settlement.

Just, soon clothed in the Corean costume, and wearing straw sandals, started on a four days' walk across the mountains, to surprise the holy Bishop who had begun to despair of his coming. His confrères followed him a few days later.

The period of preparation for the novices of the apostolate had ended. From Marseilles to Seoul, from July 19, 1864, to May 27, 1865, more than ten months had elapsed, during which they had endured all the

trials and hardships of traveling, together with the anxiety as to whether or not they would be able to reach their destination. They had now entered upon a new kind of labor and suffering in this field which the missionary waters with his sweat and his tears, and very often with his blood.

"You have One who knocks at your door every hour of the day; who entreats you to listen, and to keep yourself in silence. For the voice of Jesus can be heard only in the silence of the heart."

CHAPTER VI.

ABRIDGED SKETCH OF THE COREAN MISSION UP TO THE ARRIVAL OF JUST DE BRETENIÈRES AND HIS COMPANIONS (1781-1865).

THE portion of the world into which our young missionaries had just entered was at that time but little known to Europeans. Nevertheless Christianity had already made history there—a heroic history, the bare outlines of which we lay before our readers. Mgr. Daveluy, who set foot on Corean soil in 1845, had succeeded during these twenty years, amid all the pressing duties of his ministry, in collecting everything relating to the establishment, origin, and growth of Catholicity, as well as many interesting souvenirs of its trials and vicissitudes. It was from these notes, which he sent to France a year before his martyrdom, that the historical work from which we borrow our information was compiled.

Corea is a large, mountainous peninsula, bounded upon the west by an elongated archipelago. It forms a stretch of land the greatest width of which is about one hundred and thirty miles, and which extends almost regularly from north to south three hundred miles parallel to the western coast of China. Italy, were it

extended less toward the southeast, and were Naples its southern extremity, would be a sufficiently correct representation of the shape of this territory. Corea was a vassal of China until 1895, when, by the treaty of Shimonoseki it was placed under the protection of Japan. Previous to this it sent an embassy annually to China with presents. Nevertheless Corea forms an autonomous kingdom, the language and customs of which differ materially from those either of China or Japan. The Government, up to the period at which our story begins, had cut itself off from the rest of the world even more jealously than the Chinese. The events of 1860 which opened China to European commerce could have thrown down these barriers, but the heads of the Anglo-French expedition were ignorant of the effect which their appearance would have caused in Corea. At that time had a war vessel been sighted along the shores of the peninsula only forty miles from Shanghai, it would have been sufficient to open to civilization and liberty this inhospitable land. The two squadrons, however, left the China Seas without even suspecting what a glorious opportunity they so unknowingly let slip, and six years afterwards the Catholic missionaries were still the only Europeans who had succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in settling among this barbarous people.

And yet this land, separated from the rest of the world by its prejudices, is inhabited by an amiable,

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gentle people, better disposed perhaps than any other to receive the good seed of the Gospel. While elsewhere Christianity advances but slowly, even when it is helped by religious liberty, the conversion of adults is rare. The Church owes its increase, principally, to the work among the children in the orphanages, where the moral influence of Christian, Catholic truth, makes itself felt in after years. The evangelization of Corea presents a phenomenon unique, we believe, in the history of modern missions, and we find its counterpart only in the early ages of faith.

We justly admire the constancy of the faithful Japanese, who, surviving the frightful persecutions of two long centuries, guarded and transmitted to their descendants the essential elements of religion, and kept Catholic truth and Catholic practice alive for two hundred years. Without priests, without a hierarchy, without any Sacrament except baptism, without any apostolate save that of the family, they did this until Japan opened her gates to the world, and brought our missionaries to these glorious heirs of a Faith which their persecutors thought had been wiped out in blood.

Beyond doubt, it was a memorable example of supernatural vitality. Japan, however, had received the Gospel from the hands of St. Francis Xavier, and for a century Christianity had flourished there. When it disappeared from the kingdom, the survivors of so many massacres bore with them to their retreat the

remembrance of a religious life which lacked none of those benefits which the Church, when in full possession of her freedom, showers upon her children.

Corea, however, presents to us a spectacle altogether different. It was a country cut off from the outer world, and it had never seen a priest. About the end of the eighteenth century several of its scholars who applied themselves to the study of moral truth, accidentally came across some religious treatises written in Chinese which had been brought into China with a number of scientific works. In 1783 one of these scholars, Peter Seng-Houn-i, who was one of the embassy that Corea sent annually to Pekin, became acquainted with the Bishop of that city, the illustrious Alexander de Govea, a Portuguese Franciscan, and was baptized by him. Returning to his own country he took with him religious books, crucifixes, and pictures, which he distributed among his acquaintances. Aided by his friend, the virtuous Piek-i and others, he began to spread a knowledge of the Faith and appealed particularly to the most enlightened and learned men of the time. The fervent catechists even invited public discussions with the followers of Fo and Lao Tse, who were at that period very numerous in Corea. These philosophical tilts redounded to the honor of the Christian religion, which thus obtained at the outset a position in the world of letters, whence it was diffused among the middle and lower classes. The

catechumens baptized by Seng-Houn-i baptized others in turn. They translated into Corean the books composed by the Chinese missionaries; they taught the neophytes Christian practices—the sanctification of Sunday, the observance of fasts and abstinence, even the rigors of asceticism; they inculcated, according to their lights on the subject, the Christian discipline of marriage; in a word they established a society of the faithful, attached to the Church in China by baptism—all this brought about by the devotion of one convert who ever remained a layman.

Such a beginning was in itself a marvel, but the sequel is still more surprising.

The infant Church of Corea had to wait ten years for the arrival of the first Catholic priest who penetrated into the kingdom. Repeatedly the Christians of this country entreated the Bishop of Pekin to send them priests; but many circumstances prevented him from complying with their request. Meanwhile, deprived of spiritual help, and in their ignorance of the laws believing that they could transmit the priesthood even as they could confer baptism, they consecrated a Bishop and ordained several priests, according to the ceremonies which Peter Seng-Houn-i had witnessed in Pekin. They even made altar vessels for the celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Informed of their error by the Bishop of Pekin, the so-called priests obeyed him with touching humility and renewed their

entreaties for priests from China. But before receiving so great a grace the young Corean Church was to render to Jesus Christ her first testimony of blood.

The imperfection of their theological knowledge, which had permitted the heads of this Christian community to take upon themselves the priesthood, left them equally ignorant of their duty regarding the ceremonies held in honor of their pagan ancestors. The rites practiced in China had, after many controversies, been condemned by the Holy See as savoring of idolatry. They were scarcely different in Corea, and the people's attachment to them not less than it was in China. A characteristic of the Coreans is filial piety, and their funeral rites are the principal expression of it.

When instructions on this point arrived from Pekin, the Corean Christians had no alternative but to renounce these ancient rites or the Faith. Only a very small number gave up the Church. The rest submitted, but the propagation of the Gospel was arrested and the profession of Christianity assumed in the eyes of the pagans an appearance of impiety. All the abhorrence that the new religion had already aroused, all the prejudice entertained against it by the old Corean party, now found a plausible pretext for the employment of the most merciless measures for stamping it out. The first persecution burst forth in 1791; and the constancy of the neophytes amid tortures was

wonderful. There were apostates; even some who had endured tortures permitted themselves to be influenced by the entreaties of their relatives, or the fear of involving all their household in a common ruin. But many gloriously repaired the weakness of the few, and died martyrs in the persecutions which followed. Numberless were the heroes who remained steadfast, despite the horrible tortures to which they were subjected. The cruelty of the persecutors but furnished these heroes the opportunity of spreading the tidings of salvation. The examinations at which the Christians were questioned concerning their belief, always accompanied with tortures, attracted numberless spectators, before whom the confessors of the Faith, unjustly accused of impiety or of immorality, unfolded in long discourses the various articles of Christian belief. Eloquently and forcefully they drew the attention of their hearers to the radiant beauty of the Gospel, and forced words of admiration even from the judges themselves. More than one conversion dated from these sublime instructions delivered on the rack.

It was thus the Corean Church prepared itself in tears and blood to receive God's messenger, who came at last, in the person of Father James Tsiou, a Chinese priest sent by the Bishop of Pekin in 1794, just ten years after the baptism of the first Corean convert. He found on his arrival more than four thousand Christians in Corea, and the virtues of virginity, hu-

mility, mortification, and charity flourishing side by side with the palms its first martyr had so gloriously won.

The ministry of Father Tsiou, although exercised amid continual dangers, was as fruitful as it was difficult. The general persecutions had ceased, but peace was not entirely restored to the Church, which was still oppressed in some places. The king was opposed to violent measures, but the cruelty or the greed of the mandarins made many martyrs here and there.

Five years of tranquillity, broken now and then by bloody periods, passed away, and during this time Christianity made rapid progress. But the death of the king in 1799 and the establishment of a regency, gave full sway to the tyranny of ministers and mandarins; and after most cruel preliminaries, an edict of the regent issued in 1801 ordered the second general persecution. The avowed intention of the Corean Government was to exterminate the dangerous sect of Christians. Father Tsiou, perceiving that the hatred of the pagans was especially directed against foreigners, thought to ward off the danger threatening his followers by delivering himself up to his persecutors, and after undergoing terrible tortures, he was beheaded on May 31, 1801.

But this generous sacrifice did not lessen the fury of the enemies of Christianity. The number of victims in the provinces was never exactly known. In

the capital it exceeded three hundred, both sexes, of every condition of life, every age furnishing its quota to the army of martyrs; and the annals of the Corean Church grew rich in examples of constancy which could be compared to those of Laurence and Agnes in the Church at Rome.

Frequently exhausted by its own fury, the persecution would cease for a time, only to break forth again with redoubled intensity. Scarcely a year passed that did not see Christians imprisoned for their Faith, tortured, put to death, exiled, or else forgotten in their horrible prisons and left to die of hunger and cruel neglect.

The following facts are worthy of mention. Founded in 1784 by Peter Seng-Houn-i, the Corean Church had to wait until 1831 for the establishment of a Vicariate Apostolic, and until 1836 for the entrance into the country of the first European missionary, Father Maubant. During these fifty-two years it had no external assistance save that afforded by the ministry of Father Tsiou, which lasted five years. For forty-seven years it carried on its work without priests, without any of the Sacraments but baptism, with no preaching but that of catechists; it passed through the general persecutions of 1791, 1801, 1815, 1827; and it gave to the Catholic Church more than a thousand martyrs, confessors of the Faith, and glorious examples of the most admirable virtues.

Time and again these poor, isolated Coreans sent touching addresses to the Sovereign Pontiff, begging him to send them priests. Pius VII. received one petition in 1792, at the beginning of the French Revolution, and placed them under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Pekin. But soon the Church in China felt the effects of the terrible storm which swept over Europe, and the Christians of Corea were swallowed up in the general upheaval. In 1811 Pius VII. received another letter from the faithful Coreans; but this time he was a prisoner at Fontainebleau. When peace was restored to the world in 1815, the Church and Europe had many cruel wounds to be healed. There were gaps to be filled in the ranks of the priesthood, the wants of the Religious Orders which had been suppressed or dispersed had to be supplied, and while thus providing for home needs, new laborers had to be gathered for the foreign missions.

While the Seminary of the Foreign Missions, and the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda were endeavoring to provide, from their scanty resources, for the needs of Christians who had been deprived of spiritual care, another appeal from Corea reached Rome, now under the pontificate of Leo XII. Written in 1825, it did not reach the Pope until 1827, just at the time when a new general persecution was ravaging the Church there.

Touched by such unwavering and loyal fidelity, the

Sovereign Pontiff charged the Propaganda to offer the Corean Mission to the Society of the Foreign Missions. Having appealed to its members, even to those in far distant lands, for volunteers, the Society accepted, and, despite the insufficiency of its resources both of men and money, it sent one of its priests, Father Bruguière, to begin the perilous work.

This zealous missionary had just arrived in Siam to assist the Venerable Mgr. Florent, Vicar Apostolic of that country, who, weighted down by toil and years, had applied for a coadjutor. Rivaling each other in generosity, the Bishop and priest both consented, the one to deprive himself of much needed assistance, the other to exchange a peaceful and pleasant life for an unknown mission, filled with perils and difficulties. Consecrated Bishop in 1829, Mgr. Bruguière was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Corea by Gregory XVI. in 1834.

But the trial of the poor Corean Christians, so long without a pastor, were not yet at an end.

More prejudiced than ever against foreigners, and especially against Christians, Corea could not be entered except secretly. To gain entrance into the country, the new Vicar Apostolic undertook a journey which lasted three years, during which time he experienced, both on land and at sea, all the sufferings, all the perils, that St. Paul speaks of when describing his own apostolate. Meanwhile a Chinese priest, Father

Pacificus by name, had gained entrance into Corea and commenced his ministry; but far from strengthening the authority of the Vicar Apostolic, he filled the hearts of the Coreans with terror, telling them that the arrival of the French Bishop would only enkindle the stifled fires of persecution. More a Chinese than a priest, this unworthy missionary thus opposed the work of God. Such infidelity, however, caused him to lose the grace of his vocation. He fell into the snares of the tempter, and disgraced himself by secret crimes which were discovered later on, and which forced the head of the mission, Father Maubant, to send him away.

Mgr. Bruguière had much to suffer from the silent hostility of his spiritual children—a hostility due to the influence of Father Pacificus. They were continually raising up new difficulties to delay his entrance among them—imaginary difficulties invented for that express purpose. At last it became necessary for the Bishop to resort to severe measures, and he threatened the Coreans with the excommunication pronounced against those who opposed the wishes of the Holy See. The simple, humble faith of these good people could resist no longer, and they made ready to welcome him. But before this could be done, the holy Bishop died suddenly at Sivang, in Western Tartary, on October 20, 1835. Leaving Singapore on September 12, 1832, from that time until the hour of his death he had been

engaged in one incessant struggle against the many obstacles which had been raised between him and the land of his adoption.

After the death of her first pastor, whom she had never seen, a French missionary, Father Maubant, who had been appointed to assist Mgr. Bruguière, succeeded in entering Corea. Another French priest, Father Chastan, followed him a short time later, and for five years these two missionaries labored alone in what may be truly called a field of martyrs. They found about nine thousand Christians in Corea, and through their untiring zeal this number was greatly increased during the period of comparative peace which followed.

At the end of the year 1837 a new Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Imbert, gained entrance into the kingdom, and it seemed as if brighter days were about to dawn for this sorely tried portion of God's vineyard. They now had a Bishop and two priests—more than had ever been on Corean soil at any one time since the foundation of the Church there. But, alas! two years more, and a furious persecution broke forth. The three missionaries, imitating Father Tsiou's heroic example, endeavored to avert its fury from their flock by sacrificing themselves. The Bishop, delivering himself up first, sent word to his companions to join him, and on September 21, 1839, all three consummated their confession of the Faith by being beheaded.

The persecution of 1839 was more general and more systematic than any that had preceded it. The martyrs were many, and apostasies few, especially in the capital. Even those who, overcome by tortures, apostatized with their lips, still kept alive in the depths of their hearts the germ of faith, which afterward led them to repent.

The Corean Church was again without priests, and more than five years passed before it saw another minister of Christ. During this time intermittent periods of persecution further enriched its martyrology, notably in 1841, a year celebrated for the heroism of its confessors. Father Ferréol, who had sought to join Mgr. Imbert in Corea at the time of the latter's martyrdom, had been appointed to succeed him; but had not yet been able to elude the blockade established all along the Corean frontier to prevent the entrance of Europeans. Consecrated Bishop in Manchuria by Mgr. Verrolles in 1843, he finally succeeded in entering the country by sea, in company with Father Daveluy, and a young Corean priest named Andrew Kim. The latter had been ordained in China, and his constancy and courage during three years of incredible trials and labors had prepared the way for the success of his efforts. Later on, when arraigned before the judges, the recital of his trying adventures drew a cry of admiration even from his persecutors. "Poor young man!" they exclaimed on hearing his history,

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT SEOUL.

"in what terrible labors has he not consumed his youth!"

Mgr. Ferréol found affairs, humanly speaking, in almost a ruined condition, the Church desolate, the Christians dispersed and disheartened. Everything had to be commenced afresh; discipline was relaxed, instruction neglected, and even a portion of his flock had concealed themselves from him in terror. While he, assisted by Father Daveluy, was preparing to restore former conditions, Andrew Kim was sent in advance, but fell into the hands of the soldiery, and after a heroic confession of the Faith, shed his blood for Jesus Christ with heavenly joy, on September 16, 1846. This was the signal for new arrests, and the year 1846 again saw Christian martyrs in Corea.

Our tale would be incomplete unless we gave some account here of the vicissitudes and trials through which the Church in Corea continued to pass. While the two French missionaries were vainly endeavoring to cross the frontiers, Mgr. Ferréol occupied himself in setting in order the affairs of his diocese. A Corean deacon, Thomas T'soi, sent to China to study for the ministry, succeeded in reentering Corea, where soon afterward he was ordained. A French missionary, Father Maistre, after several fruitless attempts, finally forced his way into the country, but he arrived only to see his Bishop die, worn out by fatigues and priva-

tions. This made the third Vicar Apostolic that the Church had lost in Corea within ten years.

The Holy See appointed a worthy successor in the person of Mgr. Berneux, who had made a confession of the Faith amid torture in the persecution in Tonquin. Condemned to death, he escaped his fate only by the timely arrival of a French war vessel, whose commander demanded the prisoner's release. God still reserved for the holy Bishop the palm of martyrdom, but He desired him to gain it by ten more years of hardships.

Two other missionaries, Fathers Pourthié and Petit-Nicolas, accompanied Mgr. Berneux to Corea. It was at Eastertime, in the year 1856. All three were destined to receive the crown of martyrdom.

Already enfeebled by work and suffering, the new Vicar Apostolic accepted the perilous charge offered him, and attempted now to bring order out of chaos in the bosom of his Church. Although scarcely acquainted with his clergy, he hastened to avail himself of the powers he received from Rome to select a coadjutor. There could be no doubt as to his choice. A saintly missionary, Father Daveluy, who knew the Corean language and customs, was chosen and consecrated March 25, 1857.

Just about the time of this happy event a new laborer, Father Féron, came to join Mgr. Berneux, who could thus hold a synod composed of two Bishops, four

French, and one Corean priest. It really seemed as if brighter days were in store.

A sad loss soon tempered Mgr. Berneux's joy. Father Maistre succumbed to a short illness almost immediately after the arrival of Father Féron. The holy Bishop was not discouraged, however, but bravely set about the administration of the affairs of his diocese, fully resolved in a very short time to resign in favor of Mgr. Daveluy. But the needs of the mission did not permit him to carry out his purpose. Although ill and broken in health, he was obliged to take active charge of a large district, and favored by a lull in the storm, great progress was made.

Each missionary had his own territory, over which he traveled during the winter months, going from village to village, but always taking great precautions against being observed or recognized. The two Bishops conducted themselves like simple priests, walking a part of the day through snow and ice, and spending the remainder of it in receiving the visits of the faithful, in examining into their affairs, recording the marriages, instructing and baptizing catechumens, and hearing confessions. A few hours' sleep on a straw mat was all the repose they could allow themselves. They were obliged to rise at midnight, hear confessions again, say Mass, give Communion to the faithful assembled from the neighboring districts, and leave before daybreak, so as to avoid attracting the attention

of the pagans. Mgr. Berneux, seeing what was required of his missionaries, had determined to set them the example. Always up at half-past two in the morning, he continued laboring or traveling until evening, and then not until a late hour did he cease work, to throw himself, almost worn out, upon his mat. Add to all this the insufficiency of food in a poor country in which the greater part of the people live on rice and herbs, the meager hospitality which the Christians could afford and who were nearly always poverty-stricken from the violence of the persecutions raging against them, and we have some idea of the ordinary conditions attending on the exercise of the apostolate.

"I have always led a life of sacrifice and labor," wrote the good Bishop, "but I really think that now I have reached the limit."

Mgr. Daveluy, imitating the virtues of the Vicar Apostolic, presided over a large district, and in summer, during which the Christians are employed in their field labors, he spent his leisure in compiling a large Chinese-Corean and French dictionary, in writing Corean books on religion, and in collecting from the lips of the older Christians the details of the implanting of the Faith in Corea and of the persecutions which had so sorely tried it.

Such zeal could not but bear fruit. For the year 1859 there were registered six hundred and seven baptisms of adults, over one thousand seven hundred

baptisms of infants, nine hundred and eight of whom were pagan children at the point of death, over one thousand two hundred catechumens, one thousand four hundred confessions, seven thousand Communions and two hundred Christian marriages. The Christian population had increased to sixteen thousand.

The Christian religion was now beginning to prosper, when, at the beginning of the year 1860, the hatred and greed of a mandarin, judge of a criminal court and head of the police in the capital, suddenly aroused the slumbering fires, and once more persecution created terror among the faithful. The king and the Government were opposed to such attacks, and the Christians who had been arrested and questioned were not executed; still, numerous acts of violence were committed, the houses of the faithful were pillaged, whole villages were burned or razed to the ground, and their unhappy inhabitants obliged to flee to the mountains in dire distress. This storm of persecution made sad havoc among the Catholics, and for a time arrested the progress of the work.

Calm had scarcely ensued ere the news reached Corea of the result of the Anglo-French expedition to Pekin. Terror spread throughout the country. Those who were at the head of the Government were almost wild, expecting from day to day to behold a European fleet upon their coasts. By degrees the panic gave way to a feeling of contempt for the barbarians of the West,

and nothing could have been more unfortunate for the missions, as the events of 1866 abundantly prove.

It was just at this troubled period that Mgr. Berneux lost by death Father Thomas T'soi, the young Corean priest who had become doubly valuable to the mission by reason of his nationality. This loss was repaired in part by the arrival of four new missionaries, Fathers Landre, Joanno, Calais, and Ridel. The first two were carried off by sickness in the course of the year. In June of the same year a fifth priest sent from France, Father Aumaitre, reached Corea after an unsuccessful attempt to enter in the spring, and his coming brought great consolation to the sorely-tried heart of the Vicar Apostolic.

Necessarily, several months must elapse before the newly-arrived missionaries could be of any service to the missions. "I placed them in Christian houses," said Mgr. Berneux. There, separated from all intercourse with their fellow-priests, they learned the language rapidly, and received from time to time a visit from the holy Bishop, who taught them the art of being happy amid work and suffering, even more by example than by word.

Having the assistance now of a coadjutor and eight priests, Mgr. Berneux could promise himself some blessed fruits of his zeal, but a revolution in the palace shattered his hopes. The king died at the beginning of the year 1864. Although worthless and enfeebled

by excesses, he had had a mild disposition, and was opposed to persecution. Weak character as his had been, his influence over State affairs had helped to stifle, in its germs, the uprising of 1860; but his death gave full power into the hands of the enemies of Christianity. One of the four crowned widows, Queen Tcho, obtaining by fraud the possession of the royal seal, handed over the throne, in the name of the dead king, to a prince of her choice, who was at the time a child but twelve years old, and by this means assured herself of the regency.

To accomplish this fraud she was obliged to make use of a faction composed of the worst enemies of the Church, and although personally opposed to persecution, she was forced to select her ministers from among those who favored it. Thus was brought about the terrible events which, two years later, were almost to obliterate the Christian name in Corea.

The first signs of this change of politics were felt in the provinces. The central Government gave no countenance to these troubles, but the mandarins saw themselves more at liberty to gratify their hatred and cruelty. From the end of the year 1865 the provinces of Hoang Hai and Pieng-an were the theater of violence, unjust arrests, tortures, and sentences of banishment decreed against Christians. Lawlessness went still farther in Kieng-Sang, and ended in the martyrdom of two heroic young men, who, after confessing

the Faith amid frightful tortures were finally strangled in prison.

The storm did not reach the interior; and Mgr. Berneux, more and more worn out by fatigues and infirmities was able to resume work with the aid of his new assistants. The letters of Mgr. Daveluy, 1865, note the fidelity and virtue of the mere catechumens, and show how ready they were to receive the truth.

The diseases which undermined the health of the elder missionaries and weakened that of the younger, were the only notable trials that the mission passed through up to the time when Just de Bretenières and his companions reached the end of the perilous journey, the circumstances of which we have already related.

We must now resume our biographical sketch, and without losing sight of our young apostle, we shall see unfolding before our eyes that bloody drama which destroyed a Christian mission just as it began to flourish.

" The good God will probably often give you what in this life are called troubles and trials, but he whose heart is fixed on Jesus Christ and not on the world, regards these as jewels added to his crown."

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN COREA.—THE ARREST OF MGR. BERNEUX. —THE PRISONS.—THE TORTURES.—FATHER DE BRETENIÈRES CAPTURED.—THE EXAMINATIONS.—THE MARTYRDOM (1865-1866).

We left our four missionaries with Mgr. Daveluy, who had received them on their arrival. Just was sent to Mgr. Berneux at Seoul, the capital of the kingdom, and his two confrères were stationed in the province.

However, the Bishop did not wish to keep him in what Just humorously styled " the episcopal hut." To learn the language of the country more quickly he placed him in a house of native Christians, whence the young missionary went from time to time at night to the home of his Bishop there to enkindle his zeal from contact with this great apostle.

His letters furnish us with some interesting details concerning the new way of living which he now adopted. Corea, as we have already stated, is a poor country, and was then entirely closed to commerce. There are scarcely any skilled workmen to be found there. Each one cultivates his field and provides by his own industry for his various needs, constructs his own house, makes his own clothing, his shoes, and

even the implements required for his work. Hence, from their inexperience, the products of their labor are very imperfect.

"Behold me now a citizen of the capital," writes Just to his old tutor, "and this is saying a great deal, for the name of our city means City of Delights. But do not be dazzled by the magnificent name. Everything in this world is relative, and what might be delightful to a Corean would be far from such to a European. Figure to yourself an immense cluster of huts, built of earth, not to be compared in appearance to the poorest huts of Bresse, all crowded close together, having between them, in place of streets, passages so narrow that two persons can scarcely pass through them abreast. These alleys also serve for drains, and are always filled with filth of every kind. You can imagine what it must be to splash through them, especially in rainy weather."

The interior of these huts were not more inviting than their exterior, and he speaks of this in the following letter to his parents.

"Far back in the house of the Christian," he writes, "in the most retired part, where, according to Corean usages, strangers are not permitted to enter, is the room reserved for the missionary—the best in the abode. It is nothing very grand—far from it, indeed, its dimensions being about five feet in height, ten in length, and the same in width. In it one can take but

SOME NATIVE COREAN TYPES.

three or four steps in any direction. As to furniture, the ground serves, according to circumstances, as chair, bed, or table. A small opening scarcely a yard high, closed by a frame covered with paper, is used both for door and window. It is here the missionary gathers around him in turn a few Christians, that they may receive the Sacraments and hear Mass. This spacious apartment is the only place that I have for exercising my long limbs. Like a squirrel in his cage, I turn and turn again, trying to imagine myself making delightful excursions in the mountains. I must be careful of my head; fortunately the tuft of hair which stands up over my forehead like a keel continually warns me of danger.

"As to clothing, the house dress consists of large puffed out trousers, and a short jacket. When the missionary goes out he adds to this a long robe made of a dark material, resembling our wrapping cloth, and an immense cone-shaped hat, looking like the roof of a pigeon house, at least half a yard high and a yard and a half in diameter, the brim of this strange headgear reaching to the elbows. This is the mourning costume of the Coreans; and the missionaries adopt it because in this country any one who has lost his parents is obliged to cover his face. It thus affords us an excellent means of concealing our European features from curious eyes."

The food was not attractive, and worse than all, it was lacking in nourishment. The missionary's strength soon failed on a diet which invariably consists of a little rice or barley, mixed with small black beans, to which are added, according to the season, herbs or wild roots gathered in the mountains, the whole cooked in water without salt. "Sometimes," writes Just, "meat can be procured, but such meat as it is impossible to eat; for they never kill a beef here until it is too old to serve as a beast of burden; hence one must give up all thought of attacking its leathery flesh with his teeth."

How did the young priest occupy himself in the narrow prison in which he was confined? His time was divided between study and prayer. The Corean language presents peculiar difficulties to a European, especially the spoken language, for the inflections of the verb are almost incredible in number, each verb having thirty and even forty different forms of conjugation, from which one must be selected according to circumstances. The rules are extremely complicated, and the modes of addressing a superior, an equal, or an inferior, all so different that long practice only can give fluency to the tongue. A knowledge of Chinese is almost as necessary as that of Corean, the former language being widely used.

As may be supposed, Just ardently applied himself to the study of these languages, urged on by his over-

whelming desire of being enabled the sooner to enter upon mission work. He keenly felt his inability to help his elder brethren, who were almost crushed to earth beneath their burden. "The work to be done is immense," he writes, "and the number of missionaries too few. All are worn out and barely able to drag along, a result due both to lack of proper nourishment and excessive work, the latter especially. At the present time out of six missionaries five are sick, yet they must struggle ahead and perform their duties as if in health. Of our two venerable Bishops, the one, Mgr. Daveluy, keeps up only by the help of Corean medicines; the other, Mgr. Berneux, has been prostrated by fever for the past five months; nevertheless, he does more work than any single missionary. He has to be carried to the beds of the sick to administer the Sacraments, and is not able to perform a baptismal ceremony without resting several times during the course of it. A great part of the night is taken up with matters pertaining to the administration of the vicariate and one can well understand how exhausted he must be. Truly we are compelled to acknowledge the support given by the good God, without which it would be impossible to sustain such a life for any length of time. But no one complains; far from it, for the same good God blesses the missionary's labors in proportion to his trials and sufferings. Many envy the lot of the missionaries in Corea; it would be still

more envied if it were better known. Happy indeed are they whom the voice of God calls to this portion of His vineyard. If not remiss in responding to grace, it takes a very little while for them to sanctify themselves."

From the above we may see that the preoccupations of study did not turn Just's soul from the one object which had attracted it: Love for Jesus Christ animating a faithful heart to sacrifice. This was ever before his eyes; it was the dominating thought of his life. He even reproached himself for the distractions he suffered incidental to his journey, and he wrote to his young confrères in Paris, advising them to profit by the last months of interior recollection left them. He congratulated himself at finding leisure for prayer in his enforced retirement, and sought to imitate the sublime example of his venerable Bishop. He studied the heroic annals of the Church in Corea with loving ardor; he wrote to various Religious in Europe, proposing to exchange merits and prayers with them; he interested himself in the establishment of a house of the Carmelite Order at Dijon, hoping that the daughters of St. Teresa would be willing to offer in common their prayers and sacrifices with those of the apostles of Corea; he charged his parents to solicit everywhere prayers for the country of his adoption; in fine, he kept up with some of his old confrères, then missionaries in Thibet, China, Siam, that spiritual correspond-

ence which had been a great delight to him at the Seminary, and which now, in the depths of his seclusion, set his soul on fire.

"I taste here," he writes to one of them, "the peacefulness of the Seminary; and I consider it a most precious favor to be able to pass a few more months in this way. After this I must unite in my life the duties of both Martha and Mary. Work will not be wanting. I know missionaries here who keep united to Our Lord amid all their labors, and to me this is very encouraging.

"I have recently seen Father Calais. He is exceedingly kind, and is moreover, according to the expression of our holy Bishop, 'in the friendship of the good God.' Despite his poor health, he accomplishes a great deal, doing as much work as our strongest missionaries.

"I see that any one who desires it may always find time for prayer and meditation here; and yet this mission yields perhaps to none in the amount of labor, since the day does not suffice, and one must often use a part of the night, if not the whole of it. It is true that some of the spiritual helps to contemplation which God gives those who live retired in convents are lacking in most of the missions; but this lack will supply better, perhaps, than anything else, motives exciting a soul to a life of faith. I scarcely realize this as yet, but all those who have had experience tell me it is so.

"The study of the language is truly an obstacle to recollection. It so occupies the mind that one must turn to it time and again, no matter how one's thoughts desire to linger on the life of meditation. How weak and miserable is poor human nature! But Our Lord sees the least exercise of that good will which He Himself puts into our hearts, and whatever one does will suffice, provided he often renews his resolution to act for love of God.

"The want most felt here is that of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Oh! if, like St. Teresa, I could always see Our Lord with the eyes of faith, present in the depths of my heart, how consoling it would be! But I am too inconstant!

"Pray much for a poor sinner, that I may unceasingly lift myself toward Jesus."

His language is filled with filial tenderness toward his parents, but he does not fail to mingle with it the accents of an apostolic soul, jealous of the spiritual progress of those whom he loves. He must have had a very high idea of the virtue of his holy parents to send them such advice, but it was in keeping with all his words when urging them to be resigned to God's will. We give below a quotation from the last letter which he wrote them. It is dated November 5, 1865.

"Farewell, then," he says in conclusion, "until next year, when I hope to again send you tidings of myself, unless something unforeseen happens. I hope

that the coming year will bring you many graces, and that you will accept trials from the hand of God with as much thankfulness as consolation. The good God will probably often give you what in this life are called troubles and trials; but he whose heart is fixed on Jesus Christ, and not on the world, regards these as jewels added to his crown. Do not take it unkindly, dear parents, if I wish you as many of them as the good God will give you strength to bear. One day you will certainly think of these as I do now. May God's holy will be done always! The days of our life here below, spent in sorrow and tears, are so few compared to those of eternity, that we should rejoice at having it in our power to merit our future glorious happiness by trials which are short and fleeting. Is it not in this spirit that we should look at these things? I hope also that you constantly seek in the Holy Eucharist the strength and courage to live a truly Christian life. 'Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you.' Let us ever be deeply mindful of these words."

The memory of our pious missionary again brings before him those works of charity and zeal which filled his parents' lives. He encourages them therein, and also recommends to their care several poor children in Paris, in whom he was interested. "Please look after them," he writes, "although you have other claims upon your sympathy and attention, this is a

good work. We must act like the saints, who, when they had nothing else to give, gave their clothing. Tell me something about the churches you are having built; where are they? Where is St. John's and where is St. Chantal's? Ah! if it were only possible for us to build churches in Corea! At present there is not even a chapel here. A room in a Christian house is all the church the missionary has. What a contrast when one thinks of the churches of Europe, with their stately ceremonies and their sacred chants! Here Mass must be said in a half whisper; not even a '*Kyrie Eleison*' may be intoned; everything must be done so quietly and secretly. I can not help thinking that in consequence of this our singing will be louder than all the rest when we reach heaven. Meanwhile we chant thanksgivings in our hearts for the blessings which divine Providence unceasingly showers upon us.

"May the grace of Our Lord be ever with you, dear parents, and daily increase the number of your virtues! Pray for your missionary child, that he, too, may sanctify his soul, and that one day we may all be reunited in our true country! Farewell! I embrace you in Our Lord, and pray you to bless me."

The above gives an idea of Just's interior life during the nine months he spent in Corea up to the time of his arrest. His application to study, the knowledge he had acquired in Manchuria of the Chinese language, and his rapid progress in the Corean, all tended to

bring nearer the time when he could actively take his part in missionary work. At the end of some months he was able to make himself understood by the Christians already accustomed to the broken speech of the priests who labored among them. Mgr. Berneux now assigned to him the final instruction of catechumens and the administration of baptism. When the Vicar Apostolic was away, Just filled his place in the house, and ministered to the wants of the faithful. In the last months of 1865 he heard from sixty to eighty confessions, baptized forty adults, blessed several marriages, gave confirmation several times, and administered the Last Sacraments to the sick. Almost constantly confined to the dwelling in which he was concealed; obliged to practice restraint in every way lest he excite the attention of the pagans passing the house, he nevertheless went to visit the sick when obliged to do so by Mgr. Berneux's absence. Disguised in his mourning garb, he even ventured outside the city two or three times to attend the dying. But a few weeks more and his Bishop, who appreciated his merits, would have found in him an invaluable helper. Such also was the opinion of Mgr. Verrolles, who had seen much of him in Manchuria, and who later was inconsolable at losing him. "What a perfect man!" he writes. "For him martyrdom is bliss! What good might he not have accomplished had it pleased God to prolong his life! I

always wished to keep him with me; and it is a source of deep regret to me that during my absence he left my mission. I would certainly have prevented his leaving if I had known of it. He was of the number of those who should not have been unnecessarily exposed to danger, for God had prepared him to accomplish great work in His Church."

But God needs no one, His designs are inscrutable. The hour was approaching when the noble promise given by the life of Just de Bretenières was to be swept away.

We left our Corean Christians a prey to great anxiety, in consequence of the change of rulers. Associated in the regency of Queen Tcho was a mandarin —a most cruel, ferocious character, dreaded by the pagans themselves because of his tyranny. He had resolved to have the king's palace reconstructed on a grand scale. According to Oriental usage he understood well how to make the expenses of the work fall on the subjects, and turn them to his own profit. Hence the unprecedented exactions, the imposts levied throughout the kingdom, the so-called voluntary gifts according to their means from rich and poor. Resistance meant death. One of the learned men among them believing that his high rank and influence might have some effect upon the regent, addressed him a respectful letter of protest, representing to him the

probably sad consequences of such abuse of power. The executioner brought the answer.

At this time the tyrant seemed to have no thought of the Christians, and they persuaded themselves that they had nothing to fear. Some among them, indeed, were on the very point of going to the palace to ask why they had not yet been accorded liberty to practice their religion; and they would have put their design into effect had not the Vicar Apostolic restrained them. Never had these poor Coreans been in better dispositions. One of Just's letters relates the following touching incident. Two catechumens living in the same province had finished their course of instruction. One of them said to the other, "Now we must go to Seoul to be baptized by the great Bishop." "But," exclaimed his companion, "what will become of our rice? It will dry up during our absence."

"What!" cried the first, "do you care more for eating rice than for your salvation? What matters it if the body die, but if you are not baptized, where will your soul go at death?" "You are right," was the answer. And these two young men made a long journey of a hundred and twenty miles to receive baptism.

Mgr. Berneux, while admiring the faith of his heroic children, did not share their confidence; and when they spoke to him of the regent's passivity in face of the well-known progress of the Christian re-

ligion, he answered: "It is the sleep of the tiger; the merest accident may awaken him and excite his rage," and this accident, brought about by a foreign political measure, was not long delayed.

For several years the Russians had made such continuous progress in Tartary that the Corean Government became alarmed for its own independence. Annexation followed annexation, until the Russians were close to the western frontiers of Corea, and touched upon the little river which forms the boundary of the province of Ham-Kieng. In January, 1866, a Russian vessel entered the port of Ouen-San, on the Sea of Japan, and dispatched the Corean Government a peremptory letter demanding that its ports be opened to Russian vessels, and that Russian merchants be allowed to establish themselves in the country.

Consternation spread throughout the court, and in fact throughout the whole kingdom. And now the ill-advised zeal of a few Christians turned the hatred of the people against the Church, for, convinced that the proceedings of Russia would result finally in religious emancipation, some of the followers of the Faith wrote to the regent, endeavoring to persuade him that the only means of holding off the Russians was to contract an alliance with France and England, and that the proper person to negotiate this alliance would be, naturally, the Christian Bishop.

The regent received the letter, but expressed no

opinion, although seeming to share the views of the writers. It might be so supposed, since he took measures to inform himself of Mgr. Berneux's whereabouts, and even expressed a desire to speak with him. The latter had just left Seoul to begin the rounds of his episcopal visitations. Never had his apostolic work been as fruitful. In this one tour of visitations, so tragically interrupted, he had baptized with his own hand eight hundred adults. The regent's invitation was sent him; he hastened to comply with it, and a few days later, on January 25, he arrived in Seoul. But the regent, although informed of his arrival, neglected to send for him, and this of itself was sufficient to excite a doubt as to the real intentions back of the request. In the interval, it is true, he had had a long conversation upon the Christian religion with one of those who had suggested the alliance with the two foreign nations; and he professed to greatly admire it, but complained of the interdiction against sacrifices to ancestors. In reality the regent was gaining time, wishing to be guided by the turn of events later. All the members of the ministry were bitter enemies of Christianity. Had the exterior peril become more imminent, the influence of the regent might have been exerted to induce them to consent to a plan confiding the safety of the empire to the missionaries. Unfortunately, however, the threats of the Europeans had again proved fruitless,

and the Russian vessel withdrew. The Coreans now recalled the groundless fears with which they had been filled at the time of the Anglo-French expedition against China. "These devils of the West," they said, "are to be feared only on the sea; they dare not descend upon our coasts, much less penetrate into our country. Did we not put to death several of their priests, and did they ever offer to avenge it? And now since these preachers of impiety have denounced themselves in offering their intervention, it is a good opportunity to exterminate them and thus end their sect."

Such were the plans decided upon at court, and the regent, even supposing that he was inclined to be friendly, was not the man to expose himself in order to protect the Christians. Measures of injustice and violence being more in harmony with his brutal nature, he followed the current of opinion, and the destruction of the missionaries was resolved upon.

Meanwhile Mgr. Berneux, wearied of waiting for a summons from him, had again left Seoul and resumed his apostolic work, but without going far from the capital. He returned there in a few days, on February 5, more confident of a peaceful arrangement than when he left. A note which he wrote on February 10 to Father Féron contains the expression of his hopes.

"I do not know," he says, "whether in my last letter I asked you to celebrate a Mass for the peace of

the kingdom, and the happy termination of the affairs now occupying all minds. It is the king's mother who desires each missionary to offer a Mass for these intentions . . . Yes, there is a snake in the grass, but it seems in no hurry to betray its hiding-place. I have been awaiting an interview with the regent since he hurriedly sent me word to return. I thought it would have taken place before this, but up to the present I have heard nothing further from him. However, we have made a big step toward liberty of conscience. Pray Our Lord and His good Mother to aid me in these grave matters. Also advise the Christians to be very prudent."

February 14, four days after writing the above, all illusions regarding the fate in store for him was dissipated from the holy Bishop's mind. Armed soldiers of the Government came to search his house, under the pretext of conforming to treasury regulations. Mgr. Berneux saw that they wished to assure themselves of his presence, but he believed at first that they proposed only to keep him in sight; consequently he did not change his retreat, fearing that if he did so, the police, in order to discover his whereabouts, would search all Christian houses, and a general disturbance would follow.

The treachery of a Christian servant brought about what the Bishop was most anxious to avoid. This creature betrayed the exact place of abode of the other

missionaries scattered throughout the kingdom, and their arrest was decided upon.

As we are not writing the general history of the persecution of 1866, we shall relate in detail only the facts immediately concerning Father de Bretenières, or those in some manner connected with him. Mgr. Berneux was the first arrested. At four o'clock in the afternoon of February 23, his house was entered and he was seized and bound; but making no resistance he was immediately released and conducted, first to the Right Tribunal—so-called because it is situated at the right of the king's palace—then to the Kou-Riou-Kan, or prison where the lowest grade of criminals were confined. On the next day he was transferred to the Keum-Pou, or prison reserved for the nobility and State criminals.

In all Christian communities prison is a place of suffering only in so far as it deprives one of liberty; trials in our criminal courts have but one end in view —to punish the guilty. But nations that have never known the blessed influences of the Gospel are, in their punishments, strangers to everything that savors of the humane. The prison itself is a place of misery and suffering; every examination of the accused is accompanied by tortures; and the sentence of death is carried out in the slowest and most appalling forms.

Corea is no exception to this rule; and to reach the acme of cruelty in their treatment of the disciples of

Jesus Christ, the persecutors of the Christians had only to comply with the regulations of their criminal code. Ordinarily, it is true, apostasy afforded a means of escape; but even then it rarely happened that the tortures were not continued for a while, either by way of punishment or to oblige the sufferer to disclose the names of his co-religionists. To begin with, the prison was a place of torture, the epitome of suffering. It consisted of small wooden barracks built against the walls of a vast enclosure, and opening on an inner court. The sheds had no windows, the only opening being a little door. Air and daylight never entered, and in winter the cold was not less intense than was the heat of summer. Compelled to lie on the bare ground, soaked by the rain in bad weather, the prisoner was stifled or almost frozen, according to the season, compelled to breathe the poisonous air, condemned to live in filth, eaten by vermin, a prey to hunger and thirst. In the Kou-Riou-Kan, a bell was kept ringing continually to prevent the prisoners from communicating with one another, and to disturb their repose. Confessors of the Faith who have passed through the great persecutions are unanimous in declaring that they dreaded imprisonment a hundred times more than the torture.

And yet the tortures that accompanied the examinations are greater. The most common, and one no accused person or criminal ever escaped, was the basti-

nado. Seated in a wooden chair, to which he was securely tied, the accused, at every question addressed to him, received a certain number of blows on the fore part of the legs, inflicted with clubs, either square or triangular, like the legs of some tables. In consequence the bones became bruised and broken.

To this ordinary treatment they added, in graver cases, the bending of the bones, dislocation, the torture of the plank, puncture by sticks, suspension, sawing of the bones, etc. The bending of the bones was accomplished by inserting a piece of wood between the legs, which were secured to the ground by pegs, and gradually the knees were forced together until the bones bent without breaking. Dislocation consisted in tying the arms behind the back, and bending the shoulders back toward each other until the bones were dislocated or broken.

The puncture by sticks consisted in thrusting sharpened sticks into different parts of the body; in the plank torture the criminal was struck sharp blows with the edge of a piece of oak, on the calves of the leg, until the flesh came away in great pieces. In the torture by suspension, the victim was hung up by the arms, which had been bound behind his back; and while thus hanging, he was beaten so furiously with rattans that death would surely follow were he not lowered from time to time and the punishment discontinued. The torture of sawing the bones was ac-

A CLASS OF CATECHUMENS.

complished by passing cords of horse hair around the limbs and drawing them alternately in opposite directions until they cut into the flesh.

After undergoing one or several of these tortures, the victim received medical attention, and was taken back to prison to await the next examination. The sentence of death was nearly always preceded by three or four trials of this kind, at intervals of several days. One can readily imagine the sufferings of these poor unfortunates; cast bleeding and mangled upon the bare ground of the prison, there to await further trial and new torture, consumed by fever, hunger, and thirst, and a prey to all sorts of vermin.

Let us now take up the thread of our narrative. On February 23, the day of Mgr. Berneux's arrest, Father de Bretenières had gone to a *kong-so*—the house of a Christian made ready for the celebration of Mass and the administration of the Sacraments—in Seoul, where he heard two confessions, gave confirmation, and blessed a marriage. On returning home he heard of his Bishop's arrest. Ignorant of what the result might be, and the extent of the persecution, he took no precautions except to send word to Mgr. Daveluy and the other missionaries whose places of residence he knew. Having done this, he awaited events with that peace and calm which was ever his chief characteristic. On the following day, the 24th, he said Mass for the last time, for on the morning of the 25th his house was

surrounded, and he, with the catechist, Mark Tieng, arrested. His servant, Paul Phi, was away at the time, and to this owed his life. The two prisoners were guarded in their dwelling for twenty-four hours, not being removed until daybreak of the 26th. Like Mgr. Berneux, Just offered no resistance, and was at first treated respectfully, two soldiers merely holding him by the sleeves of his robe, and a red cord, reserved for criminals of rank, tied loosely around his arms, which were crossed upon his breast.

He was treated in all respects just as his Bishop had been. Conducted to the Right Tribunal, he was first interrogated without torture. Familiar with only such words and phrases as were needed for the holy ministry, he simply repeated, in answer to the interrogatories, "I came to Corea to save souls; joyfully will I die for God."

From the tribunal he was conducted to the Kou-Riou-Kan, on entering which he opened and shut the door rapidly several times, doubtless to introduce some pure air.

Next day he was transferred to Keum-Pou, in which prison each person had a cell to himself. From here, he was taken on the following days to undergo four examinations, either before the ministers or before the chief judges of the Right or Left Tribunal.

Upon one side of a vast rectangular court was erected the elevated platform of the tribunal. In the

middle of the enclosure the accused was placed and bound so securely to a chair by the legs and shoulders, that even under torture he could not make the least movement. Around him stood eight executioners in two lines, holding the instruments of torture in full view of the prisoner. Behind these, separated from the accused by a curtain, were seated the scribes who wrote down his answers; a few steps back of these were eighty soldiers armed with different instruments of torture, ranged in the form of a horseshoe, and holding in check the curious crowd. As soon as the examination began, the eighty soldiers set up a sort of dull chant, drowning the voice of the accused, and preventing his words or cries from being heard.

In the crowd were many Christians, religiously attentive to each circumstance of the drama; and it is to their depositions, received when the persecution had ceased, that we owe what details we possess—details which, unfortunately, are incomplete.

In each of the four examinations, Just received the bastinado upon the legs, the bottom of his feet and his great toes; he also underwent the puncture of the sticks. Perhaps, like Mgr. Berneux, he endured other tortures, but there is no testimony to that effect. The witnesses are unanimous in declaring that next to Mgr. Berneux, he was the principal object of the hatred of the pagan persecutors, and no one was more cruelly tortured than he. His imperfect knowledge of the

language kept him silent, except for his confession of faith, which he made in a loud, clear tone. Filled with vanity as they were with cruelty, the judges regarded this silence as an insult to the tribunal; moreover, the young missionary before his arrest had resided near his Bishop, which fact probably gave them the impression that he was one of the leaders. This in itself was sufficient to single him out for the severest punishment.

During all his tortures the Christians remarked that the angelic youth never uttered a cry; not even a moan escaped him. With eyes modestly cast down and countenance unmoved, the motion of his lips alone revealed his incessant prayer. Like the illustrious martyrs of the first ages, he had placed all his confidence in God and left to Him the issue of this glorious combat.

In the exercise of such calm heroism, Just proved himself a worthy rival of his holy Bishop, of whom a witness of his tortures remarked, "Mgr. Berneux is always and everywhere full of dignity and sanctity."

After each examination Just's mangled limbs were wrapped in oiled paper, and he was taken back to prison. When the examinations were ended, the confessors of the Faith were transferred from the Keum-Pou back to the terrible Kou-Riou-Kan. Here their hardships were greater than in the former place, but

they had the supreme consolation of being able to communicate with one another.

Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie were arrested on February 27 and 28, in a province a little distance from Seoul. Taken to the city they were subjected to the same questionings and shared the fate of the Vicar Apostolic and his companion.

At the last examination sentence of death was passed on all. Several days elapsed before the day of execution—days filled with the pain of wounded, mangled bodies, and the sufferings of an imprisonment even more cruel, but also—and we can not doubt it, for the joy depicted on the face of each victim at the hour of sacrifice is proof undeniable of this—amid the holy ecstasies of hope and love.

On March 8, 1866, the four condemned men were taken from prison. Mgr. Berneux first, then Fathers de Bretenières, Beaulieu, and Dorie, immediately after their head and father. Unable to stand, they were carried in long wooden chairs, their legs and arms drawn forward and bound to the bars, their heads tied to the back of the chair by the hair. Above the head of each, even as above Our Saviour's cross, was a small tablet bearing the following inscription: "—— [here was inserted the Corean name of the missionary, *Païk* being that of Father de Bretenières], a rebel and contumacious wretch, condemned to death after having undergone torture several times."

During the passage from the prison to the place of persecution, the bearers stopped frequently; and Mgr. Berneux took advantage of these halts to converse with his spiritual children, who could scarcely restrain their joy at his encouraging words. Sometimes casting his eyes upon the crowd attracted by curiosity, he would exclaim with a sigh, "Alas! My God, how they are to be pitied!" Some of the assistants mocked and jeered at the martyrs, and the holy man, Bishop and apostle to the end, rebuked them in a tone of firmness. "Do not laugh at and insult us," he said; "you should weep, rather, for we came here to show you the way to paradise, and you are preventing us from doing so."

Capital executions take place in different sections according to the character of the accusation and the rank of the condemned. State criminals are beheaded in a large sandy plain called Sai-nam-to, situated fully a mile from Seoul, and about ten minutes' walk from the river. Putting a criminal to death is always accompanied by the most solemn ceremony and display, all of which serves to prolong the victim's agony.

On one side of the enclosure was erected a tent for the mandarin who presided at the execution, and besides the military escort accompanying him were four hundred soldiers to hold the crowd in check.

Mgr. Berneux was the first summoned. Setting the wooden chair in which he had been carried to the place of execution on the ground, the attendants unbound

him and stripped him of his clothing. They threw water filled with lime into his face, and thrust a sharp stick through each ear. Then through the martyr's arms, which were tied behind his back, they passed a long pole; two soldiers raised him up by this, and holding him in this painful position, marched around the arena eight times, making a smaller circle at every turn. A long procession of attendants, armed with instruments of torture, accompanied the victim. Meanwhile the rest of the military detachment executed marches and countermarches, which served to divert the crowd. Arriving in the center of the arena, they placed the holy Bishop upon the ground, his head bent forward, his hair tied with a cord which was held by a soldier. Around him six executioners, armed with immense, broad-bladed knives, awaited the signal for execution. The mandarin gave it, and they immediately began to dance around the victim, brandishing their knives, and uttering ferocious cries.

At the third blow Mgr. Berneux's head rolled to the ground, amid the cries of the soldiers. " It is finished." The martyr's head was picked up and placed on a small board furnished with two sticks so that the mandarin could turn the bloody trophy without touching it. The mournful spectacle, however, was not yet completed; and while the three other missionaries awaited their fate, the soldiers resumed their march. Having again made the circuit of the arena

eight times, they stopped before the tent of the mandarin, presented to him the bloody head and then, returning to the place of execution, suspended it by the hair to a post above the body.

Just de Bretenières was the second to pass through this long course of agonizing cruelty. His calmness never forsook him. This was the hour for which he had so long and so ardently sighed. He came to the place of execution even as the weary voyager to the welcome port. His head was severed from the body only at the fourth blow. Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie followed him in turn, undergoing the same tortures. Here also on March 11, three days later, Fathers Pourthié and Petit-Nicolas, arrested on March 2 in a neighboring province, yielded their souls to God after giving the same testimony to Jesus Christ. With them perished a young Corean aged twenty-one, Alexis Ou, who suffered many trials when he embraced Christianity, and who proved himself a glorious hero after undergoing the most frightful tortures; also a catechist, seventy-three years old, Mark Tieng, a faithful servant of the missionaries, whose constancy in his last moments was not less admirable. Thus the death of these eight confessors of the Faith ended the first act of that bloody tragedy which was later to rob the Church in Corea of so many other precious lives.

According to the Corean law, the bodies of criminals must remain exposed three days in the place of

execution; after which their relatives or friends are at liberty to claim and bury their remains. At any other time the Christians of Seoul would not have hesitated to render this pious duty to their Fathers in the Faith, but the violence of the present persecution deterred them, and according to the customs of the country, it devolved upon the pagans of the neighboring province to give them burial. The four martyred missionaries were interred in one grave at the time, but five months afterwards, during a lull in the storm of persecution, the Christians exhumed the blessed remains. Ruined and despoiled of everything of value, these poor people could only with the greatest difficulty find means to defray the very moderate expenses of the funerals. To procure the four coffins and some other necessary articles, they disposed of whatever they still possessed, and, touching to relate, one woman sold even her wedding-ring for the purpose.

At an appointed time forty of them repaired to the spot by night, identified the bodies, and prepared them all for burial, but the coming of the morning obliged them to desist. Two nights afterwards they returned with holy water and the books containing the office for the dead. They took the bodies, and on the side of the mountain about a mile from Seoul, they dug three large graves. In the first were deposited the coffins of Mgr. Berneux, Father de Bretenières and Alexis Ou, the first resting in the center, with Father

de Bretenières at his right hand, and Alexis Ou at his left. In the second grave were placed the remains of Fathers Pourthié and Petit-Nicolas; in the third, those of Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie. An earthen slab was placed at the head of each coffin and inscribed with the martyr's name.

Our task is finished. Yet, before turning our eyes toward France, where the mournful tidings will cause so many tears to flow, we must give our reader a short sketch of events following the death of the first victims —events which add such glorious pages to the heroic annals of the Corean Church.

CHAPTER VIII.

END OF THE PERSECUTION OF 1866.—INTERVENTION OF FRANCE.—NEW TRIALS OF CHRISTIANITY IN COREA (1866-1878).

From information given by the traitor Ni-son-i, who betrayed Mgr. Berneux, the mandarins knew that there were still other French priests in Corea, and they knew also their dwelling-places. The agents of the military police were sent out in every direction. Mgr. Daveluy was the first arrested. Summoned by the regent, he had left Seoul after waiting vainly for further orders, and it was while on his round of episcopal visits that he received the message from Father de Bretenières informing him that Mgr. Berneux had been taken into custody. He at first considered it a matter of no moment, and merely requested Fathers Aumaitre and Huin to come to him that they might confer on the subject, after which they again separated. On March 11, the day on which Fathers Pourthié and Petit-Nicolas were martyred, Mgr. Daveluy was arrested at the house of a catechist who had concealed him. Still believing that the Government wanted only the European missionaries, and that there was no danger whatever of a general persecution, and fearing that in prolonging the search for them numberless Christians might be compromised, he accordingly sent word to

Father Huin, directing him to join him. The agents, in forwarding the letter, promised Mgr. Daveluy to make no other arrests, but the promise was not kept, and soon the whole country was being searched far and wide.

Father Huin immediately complied with his Bishop's wishes, as did also Father Aumaitre, who had received a similar message. Actuated by but one charitable thought, that of shielding the poor Coreans, they delivered themselves up to the officers. The rigorous measures taken by these police against the missionaries left them no chance, even had they so desired, to escape; and their concealment for a few days longer would only have resulted in bringing misfortunes and trouble upon numberless other Christian houses already suspected.

Satisfied with this voluntary surrender, the police agents liberated those Christians who had been arrested with the Bishop. His servant, however, Luke Hoang, refused to avail himself of it, declaring that he would share his master's fate. Here, as elsewhere, examples of the most sublime devotion and of the blackest perfidy were seen side by side. As these confessors of the Faith were being taken to the capital, a rich pagan approached Mgr. Daveluy and said to him in a tone of respectful sympathy: "From your viewpoint your conduct is very beautiful, but your fate is terrible and excites my deepest compassion." The

Bishop, touched by this expression of generous sentiment, pressed the stranger's hand in token of gratitude.

Arrived in Seoul and imprisoned in the Kou-Riou-Kan, the four prisoners underwent the usual examinations accompanied by tortures, the details of which we are not able to give. We do know, however, that Mgr. Daveluy was most cruelly tortured, and also that upon being questioned as to his religion he took the advantage of the occasion to deliver a sermon unfolding the truths of Christianity.

While preparations were being made to have the execution at Sai-nam-to, another order decreed that it should take place in one of the provinces. The king being sick, it was necessary to consult the soothsayers, and there was danger that the execution of the foreigners might affect the auguries. At the last moment a catechist, Joseph Giang, was added to the band of four; then, weakened by their tortures and unable to stand, all were taken on horseback to Sourieng, upon the seacoast. They showed the marks of the horrible sufferings they had undergone, but the celestial joy which filled their souls could not be concealed and in spite of their agony their countenances were beautiful. On Holy Thursday, March 29, as they drew near to the place of execution, Mgr. Daveluy heard the agents talking among themselves and making arrangements to delay the execution in order to display the victims

in a neighboring town. Filled with a holy desire to die on the day which commemorates Our Saviour's death, he cried out in a tone of authority: "What you propose is impossible; we must die to-morrow." God inclined these barbarians to accede to the martyrs' wishes, and on the next day, Good Friday, March 30, 1866, the Bishop and his two priests, his catechist and his servant, rendered to Jesus Christ the testimony of their blood.

It is said that the mandarin presiding at the execution ordered the martyrs to prostrate themselves before him, following the custom in Corea for condemned criminals to salute those who sentence them to death. Mgr. Daveluy answered with dignity that he would salute him in the French manner, but refused to go on his knees. A brutal blow from a soldier's fist struck him face downward to the ground.

Another incident of even more revolting cruelty marked the holy Bishop's death. The executioner had set no price upon his bloody deed and after a first stroke, which inflicted a terrible gash in the victim's neck, he suddenly stopped, and refused to continue except upon promise of a large sum. The avaricious mandarin would not agree to his terms, and it was necessary to assemble the officers of the prefecture to decide the case. The discussion lasted a quarter of an hour, the victim meanwhile writhing on the ground in agonizing convulsions. The bargain was

finally concluded, and two fresh strokes delivered the martyr's soul.

Fathers Aumaitre and Huin and lastly, the two Coreans, were beheaded in turn.

The martyrs' bodies, exposed for three days, then interred by the pagans in the sand, were some weeks later exhumed by the Christians, and buried in one large grave near a village of the Hong San district.

The holy victims who had believed they could save the Corean Christians by sacrificing themselves were cruelly deceived. The persecution spread, and was even more far-reaching and of a more ferocious character than any that had preceded it. The year 1866 witnessed scenes of massacre, pillage, and devastation. The Christians were ferreted out, and after most frightful tortures were executed publicly or strangled secretly in their prisons. Deprived of the spiritual aid of the missionaries, seeing the ruin of their Church without hope of deliverance, many sought in apostasy a protection which often failed them, for the hatred of the persecutors seemed more bent on exterminating the Christians than bringing them back to the national belief. The headsman's sabre and the strangler's cord not doing their work quickly enough to please the mandarins, a sort of wooden guillotine was devised, consisting of a long beam which was suddenly dropped upon the necks of the condemned, who were tied to-

gether, so that twenty to twenty-five persons were put to death at a time. In some places they buried the prisoners alive in great ditches, the earth and stones cast in upon them serving the double purpose of murdering them and burying them.

Another feature of the persecution begun in 1866 was its length: for four years it continued the work of destruction, with short intervals of peace followed by fresh outbursts of violence. In 1870 it was estimated that eight thousand persons had been put to death during the persecution, not to mention those who had succumbed to hardships and hunger. If there be an exaggeration in these figures, it being almost impossible to give an exact statement, we can at least truthfully say that the number of victims was very great, and that the whole kingdom was covered with blood and ruins.

The inefficient intervention of the French Navy was one of the causes which contributed to the virulence of the persecution. Informed of the death of the French missionaries, Rear-Admiral Roze, who commanded the naval division in the China Seas, made hostile demonstration upon the Corean coasts in the month of September. He returned in October with more war vessels, and attacking the island of Kang-Hoa, which was their stronghold, both citadel and town were captured. He then demanded satisfaction for the murder of the French subjects from the Gov-

THE PRIME MINISTER OF COREA, IN COURT DRESS.

ernment. The Corean officials, emboldened by their success in escaping punishment for previous outrages, disdained to reply. The Admiral thereupon sent a detachment of a hundred and sixty marines without artillery into the interior of the island. In the face of the preparations made by the enemy the force was ridiculously small, and soon it was brought to a stand before a fortified pagoda, from which the sheltered Coreans could fire upon the men without danger to themselves. After heroic but futile efforts, the detachment holding in check the pursuing Coreans was obliged to fall back upon Kang-Hoa, with more than thirty wounded. It would have been an easy task to repair this defeat by entering the Seoul River and bombarding the capital, but the Admiral feared to take any further steps without instructions from his Government; and despite all the entreaties of Father Ridel, who was on board, he set sail for China, leaving the persecutors of Christianity more puffed up with pride than ever over their so-called victory.

The English at Hong-Kong, seeing the indifference of the French, spoke of taking up the matter, but as Corea offered no commercial advantages they merely talked a great deal but did nothing.

Later on, in 1871, an American expedition, following in the wake of the French and the English, was attended with like results. In consequence of acts of violence committed by the Corean Government upon

the persons of American citizens—the massacre of shipwrecked sailors—Admiral Rodgers descended upon the coasts of Corea. Like Admiral Roze, he made demands of the Government which were left unanswered; then, after an ineffectual demonstration, perceiving that the affair promised to be of greater magnitude than he had anticipated, he withdrew without enforcing his demands, and left the Coreans still more insolent in their fancied superiority. When will the Governments of civilized nations understand that in treating with barbarous peoples they must choose resolutely between peace and war? Armed intervention in behalf of missionaries and Christians is of questionable value; even the missionaries themselves differ on this point, and those of them that support such measures acknowledge that it has its advantages and disadvantages. We can readily understand that much may be said, for and against, on this question, but what is incontestably harmful, what increases the dangers of the missionaries without giving them any assistance, is the system of half measures, insufficient demonstrations, acts of threatening hostility which end fruitlessly. And yet this is the spectacle which all European nations and America, too, have presented in their quarrels with Asiatics, whenever a material interest was not the cause at issue. This deplorable policy has caused torrents of blood to flow in China alone.

The reader would scarcely pardon us if we bade adieu to Corea without informing him of the fate of the missionaries who escaped the massacre of 1866.

These were three in number, Fathers Calais, Féron, and Ridel. Having succeeded in concealing themselves, amid untold sufferings, each ignorant of the fate of the others and hourly expecting death, they profited by these days which God had given them to attend to the few Christians with whom they could now communicate. At the end of two months, on May 5, Father Ridel rejoined Father Féron. A month later they received news from Father Calais and corresponded with him. After considering the matter, they agreed to send one of their number to China to represent there the state of affairs in Corea, and to seek help. Father Féron, who, being the eldest, exercised authority over the rest, appointed Father Ridel to this perilous mission. Braving a thousand dangers, the priest finally succeeded in reaching the coast, and there chartered a vessel manned by Christian sailors.

Landing at Tche-Fou on July 7, he went directly to Tien-Tsin, and acquainted Rear-Admiral Roze with all that had taken place in Corea. A revolt in lower Cochin China obliged the latter to delay his measures of retaliation against Corea. When he set out on the expedition in the following September, Father Ridel accompanied him as interpreter, and grieved and dis-

appointed returned with the fleet after the failure of its attempts in the month of October.

Meanwhile the Corean Christians had assisted Fathers Féron and Calais to embark on a Chinese junk which took them to Tche-Fou, leaving Corea once more without priests. The failure of the French expedition, and the increasing fires of persecution kindled anew by this failure, rendered the lives of foreigners unsafe throughout the kingdom.

The three Corean missionaries repaired to Leao Tong, to labor under the direction of Mgr. Verrolles at Notre Dame des Neiges, until circumstances would permit them to return to their own mission. In 1867 Father Calais, and in 1869 Father Ridel, attempted to re-enter Corea, but both, after hardships and risks, were forced to return to Manchuria. Thence Father Ridel went to Rome, during the Council; and there he was designated by the Holy Father to succeed to the glorious heritage of Mgr. Berneux. On the feast of Pentecost, June 5, 1870, he received episcopal consecration in the church of the Gesù, from the hands of Cardinal Bonnechose, assisted by two Vicars Apostolic, Mgr. Verrolles of Manchuria and Mgr. Petitjean of Japan.

The new Vicar Apostolic of Corea was compelled to wait a long time for a favorable opportunity of entering as its Bishop that country which had been the recipient of the first fruits of his priesthood.

In 1875, five years after his episcopal consecration, he made, in company with Father Blanc, a fruitless attempt to enter by sea. A second attempt in 1876 succeeded, and Father Blanc and Father Deguette landed and settled at Seoul. Father Ridel, who had accompanied them with the intention of remaining in the kingdom, yielded to the counsels of the other missionaries and the entreaties of the Christians urging him not to do so for the present. At last, in September, 1877, he entered Corea secretly with two young missionaries, Fathers Doucet and Robert.

In the following January, 1878, a courier of the Vicar Apostolic on his way to China was arrested and imprisoned in Seoul. He was treated with respect, and although brought several times before the tribunal for examination, was never tortured. From this it was inferred that the Government feared the intervention of France. His captivity lasted five months, during which time he suffered greatly from the horrors of a filthy prison, and the companionship of criminals. He was witness of the cruelties inflicted by the police agents upon the unfortunate creatures imprisoned with him. He saw several of them die of hardship and the wounds received in the process of torture, while others were strangled before his very eyes. Time and again he believed that his last hour had come, and prepared himself for martyrdom. Probably he would not have escaped the fate of his predecessor, had not the Chi-

nese Government, at the instance of M. Patenôtre, the representative of France at the court of Pekin, demanded his release. Corea yielded to the demands of the Celestial Empire, and Mgr. Ridel was conducted to the frontiers of Tartary.

There now remained in Corea four missionaries, one of whom, Father Deguette, was likewise arrested and sent back to China. The three others continued, at the peril of their lives, in the work of the evangelization of the country.

After three years of anxious waiting and longing, during which time they made one fruitless attempt to enter Corea, two new missionaries at last succeeded, about the month of December, 1880. This expedition ended a series of voyages made by Chinese vessels, which were met by appointment on the Corean coast. On March 18, 1881, three months later, one of the latest missionaries to arrive, Father Liouville, discovered by the agents, was arrested and kept under guard in his house; but by order of the Governor, who feared a disturbance in consequence of the arrest, he was set at liberty in three days. After that the missionaries had no more trouble with the police.

At last a breath of liberty was being wafted over this unhappy country. In this same year 1881, a Corean-French dictionary, published at Nagasaki, seemed to prepare the way for relations between Corea and France. Japan, whence this signal of peace

had been hoisted, obtained the opening of three Corean ports to its people. In 1882 the United States concluded a treaty with Corea securing for itself the same advantages. In 1883 it was England's turn, and her treaty of commerce served as a type for the treaties successively signed by Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy. France entered into negotiation with Corea in 1882, but the treaty was not concluded until 1886, and not ratified until 1887. Since June, 1888, a French commissioner resides at Seoul.

In 1882, Mgr. Ridel, kept from his mission by sickness, appointed Father Blanc his coadjutor; and the latter repaired to Japan in 1883 to receive episcopal consecration at Nagasaki. He made the two voyages publicly, leaving Corea on a Japanese steamer and returning on a German one.

June 20, 1884, on the death of Mgr. Ridel, companion of the martyrs and confessors of the Faith, the title and office of Vicar Apostolic passed to Mgr. Blanc.

The new head of the Corean Church immediately set to work, and in the month of September secretly collected at Seoul his eight missionaries for a spiritual retreat, held a synod, made a new division of the districts and adopted various other measures to meet the new order of things. Charity follows close upon faith, the twin virtues walking hand in hand. In 1885 Seoul saw this exemplified in the form of an orphan asylum

of the Holy Childhood and a home for the aged. These two establishments, at first in charge of native Christians, were, in July, 1888, confided to the care of four Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres. Several hundred children and numberless old people had already been received.

To-day the number of Catholics in Corea is 39,000, divided into thirty-two districts, with 554 mission stations. There is one Bishop, and thirty-six missionaries.

All grades are represented. The mother of the present king is the daughter of one of the most bitter persecutors of Christianity in the early days. The Princess Marie was secretly a Catholic for a long number of years. Even during the stormy period when the regent was endeavoring to wipe out the Christian Faith and its adherents, she was studying the claims of the Church. It is true that externally she observed all the idolatrous customs and superstitions, because this was a matter of compulsion. Once she felt free, she cast this aside and asked for Baptism. Bishop Mutel baptized and confirmed her in the month of October, 1896. A short time later he again visited her, heard her confession, and gave her Holy Communion. This was the last time that he saw her. Shortly afterward she was taken ill and did not recover. The secrecy that guarded her conversion to the Church prevented her from receiving the Last Sacraments, but

until the end came she was attended by a Christian servant. The Princess Marie died January 8, 1898.

The erection and completion of the Catholic cathedral at Seoul marks the progress that the Church has made since the close of the persecutions. The Religious of St. Paul de Chartres established in the capital have received into their community native girls who desired to follow Our Lord more closely. There are now eighteen professed Corean Sisters and thirty-two novices and postulants. There are six native priests, a large and a small seminary, three dispensaries, two orphanages, and thirty-five schools. The Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Mutel, bears upon his episcopal seal the significant words: "*Florete, flores Martyrum.*" "Flourish, flowers of the martyrs."

So, after a century of unparalleled sufferings, the poor Corean Church whose annals we have just given, at last sees Christian civilization triumphing over barbarism. This blessed result is truly the work of God, but it may be permitted to distinguish therein two visible agents, viz., the heroic constancy of the native Christians and the self-sacrificing priests who so willingly gave up their lives to win the blessing of faith for the people of their adopted country. The blood of missionaries watered Corea's inhospitable shores, and God gave the increase; while the charity of consecrated virgins has replaced the horrors of barbaric cruelty with acts of tenderness and love.

The young martyr, the story of whose holy life and glorious death we have narrated, had his share in this. If we have allowed the series of events connected with our subject to take us too far afield, the reader will pardon us, we know, when he remembers that the dying missionary's vision embraced this future, that with his last breath he prayed for it, and offered his young life as a sacrifice to hasten its coming.

But we must be mindful that our task is not that of a historian, but of a biographer. Hence we return to that moment which beheld the headsman's glittering blade sever from their bodies the heads of those holy victims, one of whom was the earnest apostle whose life is here made known to the world. Let us follow in thought the mournful message bearing to the parents of Just de Bretenières the news of their son's death.

"No longer the 'Kyrie' of sorrow and pain; no longer the Credo, the profession of faith; it is the 'Gloria,' the song of the Beatific Vision; the song of thanksgiving; the canticle of never-ending love."

CONCLUSION.

JUST'S MARTYRDOM IS MADE KNOWN TO HIS PARENTS.—SOLEMN COMMEMORATION OF HIS MARTYRDOM AT DIJON, MARCH 8, 1867.—LAST SOUVENIRS (1866-1867).

THE events which took place in Corea in March, 1866, were known in France the early part of the following September. From the last days of August, M. and Mme. de Bretenières were a prey to the keenest anxiety, having learned through dispatches to the English papers of the massacres in Corea. On September 5, Father Albrand, Superior of the Society of Foreign Missions, confirmed the sad news, in a letter which he wrote to the Bishop of Dijon, at the same time enclosing therein the following letter to M. de Bretenières—a letter which is indeed a model of Christian simplicity and delicate tenderness. He says:

"MOST HONORED SIR: To-day I can thus address you with more truth than ever. Yesterday we received news direct from our dear Corea—grave and memorable news, which the annals of Holy Church will ever hold in remembrance. God's designs are impenetrable to our feeble understanding, but faith teaches

us that His divine Providence permits nothing that is not for the salvation of His chosen ones. Let us always and everywhere adore this paternal goodness of God, and all that happens to us will be a means of sanctification, and a guarantee of heaven's favor.

"The following, Most Honored Sir, are the details which have reached us of these last occurrences in Corea. Last January some European (Russian) ships appeared on the Corean coast, and demanded of the Government the opening of a port and a grant of land for commercial purposes. This peremptory demand excited great consternation at the Corean court, and throughout the country. As the regent sought a means of settling the matter discreetly, and as he was, moreover, personally very well disposed toward Christianity, certain Christians thought the opportunity an excellent one of benefiting our holy religion, by bringing it to play a part herein; and they suggested to the regent that the two Corean Bishops and their missionaries might prove valuable intermediaries. Filled with fear, the regent welcomed the proposition and had the two Bishops summoned. Mgr. Berneux, making his round of visitations, and having little confidence in the affair, did not wish to return, but his presence was officially known, so that he was at length obliged to yield, and repaired to Seoul.

"Meanwhile, the Russian vessels had disappeared and with them the fears of the Corean Government.

THE HEIR APPARENT (AT THE RIGHT) TO THE COREAN THRONE, AND ONE OF HIS ADVISERS.

Prominent at court was a party thoroughly hostile to the Christians, and seeing the Bishop in their hands, they proposed to seize him and all his missionaries. Despite the regent's opposition to this at the beginning, their counsels at last prevailed, and Mgr. Berneux was taken prisoner. Orders were given at the same time to arrest Mgr. Daveluy and nearly all the other missionaries whose hiding-places were known to the Government through the perfidy of a renegade Christian. In the course of the month of March the two Bishops and all the missionaries, with the exception of three, found themselves in the hands of their persecutors, who, emboldened by this first success and blinded as to the possible consequences of their action, carried their cruelties to a horrible extreme. In permitting this, God crowned two Bishops and seven missionaries with immortality.

"The details are wanting, but we know that on March 8 last Mgr. Berneux triumphantly won the palm of martyrdom with Father Dorie, Father Beaulieu, and one other of his missionaries. On March 11 Father Pourthié and Father Petit-Nicolas gained the same victory. Finally, on the 30th of the same month, Mgr. Daveluy obtained the crown of martyrdom in company with Fathers Aumaitre and Huin, on Good Friday at noon, thus renewing in their persons the sacrifice which the divine Redeemer offered for

love of us, on the same day and the same hour, on Mount Calvary.

"We know that these nine confessors of the Faith went to their deaths with a peace and joy which shone forth in their countenances; happy to leave this vale of tears, and to await us in the bosom of God, amid the splendors of eternity.

"I have named to you, Most Honored Sir, all these venerable martyrs but one—and there the thought of a father's and a mother's heart stopped me. I feel assured that these same hearts will of themselves name him whom I hesitate to mention. I now beg pardon for not having, perhaps, given sufficient weight to those sentiments of faith animating your family, and for hesitating an instant in telling you of the grace it has pleased God to bestow upon you, in placing your beloved son in the choir of martyrs. The very day on which Father Just was seized he had baptized twenty-five catechumens.

"This, Most Honored Sir, is the only detail which it is possible for me to give you at present. I earnestly implore the Lord of the apostles and the Queen of martyrs to soften for you and all your family the grief which poor human nature must feel on such an occasion. Faith will raise you above nature, and you will bless God for the meed of glory which He has deigned to accord your dear child.

"In the charity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and in

the remembrance of our venerated martyr, deign to accept, Most Honored Sir, for you and yours, my respectful affection and entire devotion."

"DELPECH."

Charged with the delivery of this sad message, Mgr. Rivet went to the home of the young martyr's parents and acquitted himself of the mission with all the tenderness and delicacy inspired by holy charity. Having prepared them for the news, he gave them the letter which we have just read. The father shed bitter tears. The mother did not weep, but her mute agony was terrible to behold. After the first moments of grief had passed, the Bishop had but to suggest it, to receive from the lips of these truly great Christians their expression of perfect resignation. In his presence the sacrifice which they had made to God of their child was renewed, and with him and their second son they recited the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the glorious privilege accorded him.

Later on, M. and Mme. de Bretenières received letters from the missionaries who had known Just—among others, from Fathers Calais and Ridel, who had shared with him all the perils preceding the massacre which they themselves had barely escaped. Little by little the details arrived, and from all parts came testimonies rendered to the young apostle's virtue, and congratulations addressed to the parents whom God had found worthy of giving a martyr to the Church.

They to whom these words of faith were written were indeed worthy of them. Their sorrow was deep, but the poor mother whose courage at the final parting seemed to surpass that of her husband, now felt her heart torn and rent at the thought of the tortures her beloved child had endured. St. Bernard says that the lance which pierced Our Saviour's side pierced the heart of Mary first. It is the mother's prerogative to suffer, and to feel the sufferings of her children even more than her own.

Life henceforth had no charms for the stricken couple—I was going to say no motive for living. Earth presented to their gaze only a subject for tears; but heaven, where faith showed them in glory and blessedness him whom their eyes would never again behold on earth, irresistibly attracted them. Heaven was now the one desire of their hearts. Their lives, more than ever detached from the world, became one long, ceaseless aspiration for their eternal home. While their second son was pursuing his ecclesiastical studies, they passed their winters in Rome so as to be near him. The remainder of the year was devoted to works of zeal and charity, which had always had so large a share of their time. And thus in the exercise of the most beautiful virtues they ended their earthly pilgrimage, the Baron de Bretenières in 1882, aged seventy-eight years; his beloved wife in 1886, aged seventy-nine.

The various birthplaces of the Corean martyrs celebrated the anniversary of their glorious death with religious solemnities. Amiens distinguished itself by the grandeur of the homage there rendered the memory of Mgr. Daveluy. On March 8, 1887, Dijon also had its celebration, on which occasion Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Hebron, pronounced in the cathedral of St. Benigne the funeral oration of the young martyr who honored his country more by his glorious death than he could ever have done by the most brilliant worldly career. Arriving at Dijon on the very day of the solemnity, and ignorant of his young hero's history, except in a general way, the orator spent the morning in informing himself, through Just's friends, of his principal characteristics; and his words of eloquence, glowing with the warmth of the feelings awakened by all he had just heard, rang through the vaults of the old basilica in tones of touching pathos. One passage of his beautiful discourse recalls with touching delicacy and appropriateness the regret with which, amid the hardships of his life in Corea, Just complained of the want of becoming accompaniments for the celebration of the divine Mysteries there, contrasted with the pomp and splendid ceremonial of the Church in his native land.

"Young martyr, sing, sing, now!" he exclaimed. "It is no longer the '*Kyrie*' of sorrow and pain that flows from your heart; nor is it the '*Credo*,' the pro-

fession of that Faith for which you poured out your blood—no, it is the '*Gloria*,' the song of the Beatific Vision; the song of thanksgiving; the canticle of never-ending love!"

Let us finish this collection of memoirs by the narration of a little incident, which, while we do not attribute to it anything of a miraculous nature, we can not but regard as certainly a touching and graceful symbol.

One day, at Dijon, when Just was about nine or ten years old, he planted a rose-bush in the garden of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Twenty years afterwards this rose-bush was still living, but, astonishing to say, it had never bloomed, and several times the gardener, like the master of the vineyard mentioned in the Gospel, wished to dig up the sterile plant. But the Sisters, cherishing it as a memento of the young missionary, forbade its removal. Suddenly, in the spring of 1866, for the first time it put forth buds—four buds, which gradually expanded into four beautiful roses. It was just about the time when, transplanted from Corea's inhospitable shores, the young martyr's soul blossomed into unfading beauty amid the flowers of heaven. The rose-bush still lives, but since then has never bloomed.

THE END.

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